

THE M A Z E :

Contrived, Digested, and Couched in
these distinct Subjects:

REPRESENTATIVES For these present times to admire:

P R E S I D E N T S

For future Ages to decline.

1. THE TRAITORS TRYALL.
2. THE PLAINTIFFS APPEAL.
3. THE STATE-MONKEY,

O R,

THE DISLOYALL FAVOURITE.

4. PEMBROKES PLEA.
 5. A CORDIALL for BRITANNICUS, &c.
 6. OLD FATHER LASHER to the MODERATE.
- THE SENATES ANSVVER TO THE SCOTCH
CHANCELOR.

A FUNERAL ORATION DELIVERED AT
DARBY-HOUSE.

ANIMADVERSIONS UPON THE FOURTH SECTION.

Orderly Marshall'd with these Poems:

1. CASTLES CATASTROPHE;
O R;

GARRISONS GAOL-DELIVERY.

2. THREE STATE-TARRIERS coupled up with
THREE TART SATYRES.

Sperate miseri; Cavete falices.

Printed in the year 1699.



EXAMIN

TO
His poor P A T R O N S.

 O all *Delinquents* that shall trace
The winding angles of this *MAZE*,
Send I this

With my wish,
That this *Act* of saving Grace
May not prove like *Chevy-chace*,

That displays
Wandring ways,
So as He that reves along
Knows not if He be right or wrong ;

For i'th' eyes
Of the wise
This gay-checker'd Act declares
In Souldiers favour more then theirs.

Worlds wonder !
Publick plunder
Must be freed from restitution ;
O rare chymicall Illusion !
This *Act*, when it came first a landing
The *peace* it brought past understanding ,
For though it promis'd Graces store
They shew'd no better then before:
At th' Senat-door then let us knock
And get a *clavis* to unlock

Alluding to
the *Act* of
Grace.

The words of this rewarding gin,
To rinse our State-Originial fin.
" Wise *Oedipus* unloose this knot,
" Are we made *Heirs of Grace* or not ?



Par-



P A R T H E S I U S R E G I U S,

His DEDICATORY
To all People B O N D or F R E E,
Round or Sound wheres'ere they bee.



Hop-fallen Plaintiffs or Defendants ;
Sectists, Separists, Independents,
Presbyterians that are whiter
Then Lawne-Sleeves or any Miter.
Crop-ear'd Zimri's, Sequestrators,
Statists, Truckers, Timists, Traitors.

Haxsters, Huxsters, or Promotors,
Farriers, Furriers, or Free-booters,
Broakers, Breakers, Brewers, Bakers,
Braggadoches, High-way-takers.
Sergeants, Catch-pools, or Regraters ;
Cheats, Committee-dis-estators :
Or Assemblies curst for ever
Make a Preacher of a Weaver.

All who headlong by their meddling
Make our whimsed State a Bedlam.
Counting it lighter then a feather
To ruine Church and State together.
Trepenners, Pimps, Prinadoe's, Nippers,
Tarpaulins, Currers, Quakers, Dippers,
Whifflers, Shufflers, Heavers, Hectors,
Sharks, Excisers, Ale-Collectors.

Span-

Spanger, Spooner, Spurrier, Spinster,
And our Salmingers at Westminster,
With that Royall-loyall true sort
That of late did treat at Newport.

Et complere vatis Somnium,
CÆSARI, uni instar omnium.





THE
T R A I T O R S
T R I A L L.

EUPHORMION and MENIPPUS.

Euphormion.



Ood morrow to the Loyall *Genius* of pre-gnant *Menippus*; with my blessing to the weak remainder of his *Sequestred Fortunes*. Let me encounter thee with the *Dialect* of these daies: the Salute of these times; *What Newes abroad?*

Menip. Hah, hah, hah. What *Newes*, my noble *Euphormion*? why? thou shalt finde every corner full of them. New, new, new, every blind Alley echo's withall.

New Fates, new Faiths, new Foes, new Faces, new Fashions, new Creeds, new Crimes: all things new, saving that old *relique* of *Honesty*, which will never be renewed.

Euphar. Goe to *Sirrah*; such *wormwood Lecturers* as you, usually convert your *Pens* into *Needles*, your *Paper* into *Nettles*. But in good sober earnest, tell me what becomes of the *Capitoll*?

Menip. The *Senat of Saints*, you mean. I will tell thee, *Euphormion*, there is not in that *Saintly Sanctuary*, so much as a *Goose* left for *Centinell* to guard that *Antinomian Assembly*. Their day-work is done, I can assure thee; for their *Shop's* shut

up. Nay, some roguish hand or other, has distinguish'd it with
rubrick Letters, and a *Pest-house Poſte*, **LORD HAVE MERCY
UPON US.**

Euphor. It was so long infected, I ever thought, it would
break out into *Spots* ere long.

Menip. *Spots, Euphormion!* Nay, *Carbuncles* on my conſcience. The *mad Parliament* was a *Sage Synod* to this. Such a *Self-hanging phrenſie* was never heard of.

The Devil never play'd his part with more active Subtily : nor preſent'd Pageant with more Artifice nor ſhow'd Policy ſince he was a *Tempter*.

For he has made fooles of them, whose aime and art it was to befoole the State.

Euphor. But are They in ſuch a desperate condition ?

Menip. Yes, Sir, I can affiu you ; They are never likely hereafter to *transgrefſe* out of the *Line of Communication*. They who could not all their time indure the *Gregorian Letany*, are very like, with a *Gregorian line*, to close their Tragedy : *WHARTON* has rightly caſten up their *Nativity*.

Euphor. Be they impeach't already ?

Menip. They are ; and this very day to receive their *Judgement*. The Crimes objected againſt them, are notorious and hainous. Pillaging, and plundering the State ; obſtructing Trafick ; making Seats of Justice, Butchers Shambles.

Euphor. Excellent *Reformers* !

Menip. Long and heavy Quarters, grievous Taxes, numerous Excizes : All these have drawn up a Bill of Arrears together ; And the Bill is found : The whole Jury returne them guilty. Ha, ha, ha. Hemp, by all likelihood, was never in more request, nor liker to be highlier honoured. I must tell thee *Euphormion*, *low Necks and Collars*, are not for these Nouzes.

Euphor. As I live, this will be rare ſport for *By-ſtanders*. Me thinkes I ſee what wry mouthes these ſleek Orators will make at their *Confefſion* !

Menip. Nay, at their *Suſpention* ! Never found more Funerals dryer eyes.

Euphor. I am ſure, they have made the State weep ſufficiently ; But ſuch rougry was ever likely to close with ſuch a

Catastrophe. But pray thee, *Minippus*, what *Judges* may we have to sit upon them ?

Menip. A question that deserves resolving, trust me. All the world knowes, *Euphormion*; we have but two *judicall Consuls* left us of all the *old Covey*; And the One is a meer *Triviall tisler*; as *barren of Sense*, as he is *cram-fed with Substance*. The Other, sometimes a *Reverend Sage*, had not this *timing compliance* made him an *Affe*, and fool'd his *Judgement*. His *ominous Name* boads, he must not die a *natural Death*.

I must tell thee, my *Euphormion*, though *Justice* ride on her *foot-cloath*, yet She goes on *Stilts*. There was never such an *halting Age* since *Vulcans time*. She, who formerly stood like a *Beacon* to give others aime; is now become such a *Dark-lan-thorne*, it will scarcely afford it self light.

Euphor. All this while, *Menippus*, thou resolves me not who these *Judges* be.

Menip. But I shall in good time, *Euphormion*: And first, give me leave to tell thee, that these, who are prickt out to sit upon these *Corrupt Members*; were no *Sergeants of the last Call*, for those wear a *Parliamentary Coife*; and for all their *violet Livery* on their shoulder, are very likely to be degraded of their honour. No; these be *old Benchers*, who have stuck close to their restrained *Justinian* all this while. That *Levelling Democracy* bandied them into a desperate hazard: Being sent away in such Shoals, as the whole Isle of *Antycera* could scarcely receive them. But by a *writ of Revocation* most of them were calld back from banishment: and begin already to out-strip those *Party-colon'd Turn-coats* both for *Practice* and *Reverence*. Now out of all those, be these three cull'd for this great *Goal delivery*; *Argestes*, *Bonarges* and *Calazius*. The first, a pert pregnant fellow; One, who can take a Ball at the first rebound: being of a quick apprehension, and present dispatch. The Second, a rough, rigid, down-right *Justice*: One, whose hands and eares hold *antipathy* with *price* and *prayer*. The Third, of a more coole and remiss Spirit: yet prompt enough to denounce judgement, where he meetes with an incorrigible Delinquent. These be they that must doe thefeat.

A shout within.

Away with them, away with them, They deserve not to live :
They have been the ruine of us, and our Families.

Euphor. What means this shout within ?

Menip. Hah, hah, hah. They come, they come, they come,
† Enter *Judges*, we shall hear rare sport presently. † See, see, see ; those be the
Clark of the *Judges of Oyer and Terminer* : and these the *Traitors*, who ha-
ving been upon their *Trialls*, found the only *Canker-Wormes* of
the *Common-wealth* ; and such whose egregious abuses deserve
exquisite punishments ; are this very day to receive their
Doomes.

Euphor. Be there no more of this fry ?

Menip. O yes, Euphormion ! This very instant is *Antipas* im-
peach of *High Treason* by *Venaticus* : But he's to be try'd by
a *Councell of Ware*. Both our *Higher* and *Lower* Hives swarm
with them : but these were the *Principall Instruments* of crea-
ting and fomenting all our mischiefs.

Euphor. What may that *Grand Senior* be, who with his wall-
eyes lookes like one of *Machiavel's* familiars ?

Menip. Who he, Euphormion ! Why ? That is *Misarcus*, a
Protean Polititian ; One who can present as many shapes to
acquire his own ends, as any *Cloud-walking Tiberius* in the
whole world. He can play the *Fox*, and make use of the poor
Pusserfoot to get himself the *Chefmeu*. He has been in strong
labour of *Anarchial Plots* this twenty years at least : and having
now at last brought forth such usefull *Principles* of un-*kinging* ; as
Bruces and *Cassius* could not be of quicker dispatch, had his
Agents been as secret as they were desperate. Hee's held the
only *Sixon* in all *Albania*. In a word, he breathes not that
knowes better how to mint, mince nor shroud *Treason* then he
does. All the rest are but *Apprentices* to him in that trade,
the *Velvet-Varlet* can carry it so nimbly and neatly.

Euphor. Who is he, that lookes for all the world, like
the *Promethean Satire* ; or some *Antique piece* of decayed
Aras ?

Menip. That is *Montanus* ; a confident Agitator : but comes
far short of the former. For this Fellow Acts but what the
other Plots. He has indeed, been successfull in some undertak-
ings

kings ; which makes him infinitely arrogant : yet for all his suc-
cess, he has purchas'd himself no good Opinion ; being in no
lesse capacity of Censure for cowardize or remisness by his own
Party ; then He is by the other part of ingratitude and disloyalty,
The man desir'd much to become *popular* ; which in the end undid him. Such *Baites* are dangerous for thec *frisking Fishes* to
nible at. His *Father*, that Physiognomist of *Queen Bessie*, was
another kind of Creature. He could have taught him the guize
how to sculk in a distemper'd State ; and to fish without excep-
tion in troubled Waters. There is small question, but that he
had once some weakling unsettled thoughts to become *Honest* :
But private interest begot such obstruction to his resolvess ; as
those fair purposess were stifled in their infancy. So as he held it his
only safe course to keep in Confort with those who accounted
no part of *Musick* comparable to *Division*. No *Allegiance* to
arbitrary Obedience.

Euphor. But what makes that *Melancholy Don* so imbrim his
face, and cast down such a forlorne and dejected a look ?

Menip. Not without cause, *Euphormion*. That is the white-
liver'd *Clinius*, who lately perform'd that fearleſſ feverish
Combat with *Damæsus* ; and to divert danger, (though they
fought at ſufficient diſtance) made their equall retreats ; the one
to a *Saw-pit*, the other to a *Marle-pit*.

Euphor. Is this the Man ?

Menip. Yes, if thou pleafe to call him ſo ; but there is as
little *Man* in him, as in any of all the Bunch.

Now to resolve thee, why his Look makes this ſetled contract
with the Earth ; Thou muſt know, he has been ſo basely baffled,
jeer'd, and buffound in every quarter, as he conſorts with no
Society, where disgrace do's not meet him ; telling Him, how his
very *Memory* will be a lasting ſtaine to his *Fame* : a diſhonour
to his *Family*. Doe not blame him then, for looking downward :
Thou knowest well what the Poet ſometimes ſo divinely ſung ;

God gave Men lookes to view the azure Skyes,
While Beasts look down with earth-dejected Eyes.

Yet in ſome points, I muſt tell thee withall, that there is no
Valiant loyall Spirit within the whole Island that may compare
with

with him for some dangerous attempts : For he has the boldnesse to pocket more *Treason*, then would hang a *Legion* : yet with profits of *Honour* and *Reputation*, incredibly salves it : and secures himselfe by it. But feeding on the better side oth' *Bush*, and fortifying his weake *Cause* with strong *complies* (for he gloriéd in nothing more then in the style of *Machiavelsson* :) he never feared a *change* : nor to be brought to such a fearfull *charge*.

Euphor. Who is he, that stalkes along with such a shaking pace ?

Menip. That is *Lentulus* ; one of the *Lower Siedge* ; and could shake his tongue in his time : and blast the temper of a well-composed State with the distemper of his breath. But I beleeeve, his Rhetorick has left him, since this *State-palsey* seized on his tongue. I partly understand what the summe of his *Petition* might be ; if his *God-fathers* would afford him an hearing : He has more then a moneths mind to be out of the *Pallace yard* : and to be no *Inhabitant* under the *Line*. For he holds nothing more conduced to his *safety* then *distance* : which he might have procur'd without flight, had he acquainted his Tongue with *lesse speech*, and *more silence*. But the *Inds* must not save him : though he has minded sufficiently for his time. The *Moale* is now to be *unmolded*. --- O how happy a thing were it rather to be *tongue-tide*, then tide in a nooze ; and for a littie loose lip-labour, summe up his *Daies worke* in a Halter !

Euphor. Who is he, who carries those Papers in his hand, as if he were *Solicitor General* for the whole Synodall ?

Menip. And so he is, I must tell thee : and for himselfe too : for he's very likely to lick oth' whip as any of them all. Shall I display him to thee ? This is *Metaxw* ; a fellow of infinite confidence : and unto those that fall under his *Test*, of a domineering insolence.

His first fame came to him by a *Sea-case* : since which time he has incomparably thriven by a *Land-case* : having by his meanes and other *Officials*, brought the whole *Land* into that pittifull *case*, as none can live well, unlesse they live ill like *Land-sharks* : who prey upon the Fry of the *Gentry* : and by their irremissive cruelty so foake them ; as places of *Hospitality* become *Nests for Owles* : or *Cages* to Imprison Vindicators of their Countries

Countries Liberty and their owne Loyalty.

This same *Advocate* is a close youth, I must tell thee : One, who desires nothing more then to impoture a State with colourable and plausible pretences of sanctity : as if his *Nature* held such correspondence or Analogy with his *Name* ; as the one could not hold up without the other. But whatsoever he pretends, he is more *Care* then *Cordiall*. He might for a time gull *private eyes* with *peculiar interests* : and by laying his *oylie hand* on his *hypocriticall heart*, delude the *easte Vulgar* : But being now to act his part on the *publique Stage*; there were some (and those unconcerned spectators) who had not like those *Lamia*, left their eyes at home in a boxe : but had the art to discover his posture : and how his *Action* suited with his *Person*.

Euphor. Who may that *Malevole* be ; who walkes like a debauch'd Prostitute ; that has stak't his honour for as much as it will give ?

Menip. That, my brave Boy, is *Hircanus*; A *Goatish Gamester*, whose profuse lust seared with an assiduate heat, has caus'd him to sue forth a divorce betwixt him and his naturall *Perrwigge*. The *Moummed Scale-drake* has dropt all his fethers in his *Cornelian Bath*.

His mouth us'd formerly to be furr'd up with obscene tales, and his passages of Brothelry : and herein (which may seeme a Paradox) he did the least hurt. For since, he became a *Member* (and such a one as the *Bordella's* cannot shew a corrupter) he has acquainted his forlorne tongue with no other discourse but *Treason*. Now some there be (and such who are not altogether unknoune to his crazy sapless constitution) who stick not to avouch that he's infinitely weary of his life : and cares not much for being dispatcht out oth' way ; for his dainty Duggs and Doxes hold him so inconsiderable and contemptible a creature, as they jeere him to his face: *That he does well in hatching his egges in the House* : for he can Sit better then he can Stand. Some there be that report, how he very lately had a desire to travaile as well as any of the Tribe : hoping by that meanes (having sent before *Gold* his *Harbinger* to store him for provision against Winter) to escape the lash. But this report admits no beliefe : for should He travaile by Land or Water, those that know him would witnesse

ness with him, that he stood in more need of a Bone-setter than an Harbinger. So as, should he now chance to be hang'd (as there's small question to be mad'e on't) he would quarter himselfe : and like an over-ripe Medler, drop peece-meale from the Tree, long before the rest of his fellows.

Euphor. It seemes, *Menippus*, these three you described last are in their quality inferiour to the former.

Menip. Tis true, *Euphormion*; but though their Sridge be lower ; it is generally held that their Sconces be no wayes inferiour : Nor the revenues of their Places lesser ; as their late Century lifts fully discover. Those three indeed whom we display'd before, were drawn forth from the Higher Hive; these three last from the Lower. But this Lower has infinitely trenched upon the Priviledges of the Higher; and presumed to be as active too ; for else had the coast been clearer, and the Storme calmer then now it is.

Themophilus. Clear the Barre there ; and give way to the Prisoners.

Euphor. Let us observe their processe of Judgement. --- Justice never till now (since the first foundation of this perennially-trienniated Synod) found any eyes to see with.

Menip. Content, content ; we shall heare shortly, how abus'd honour must be adjug'd to collar with an halter.

Themoph. Call *Misarchus*, *Montanus*, and *Climius* to th' Bar.

Argestes. You know *Misarchus*, what an honourable (and in your respect, immerited *Tryall*) you have had by your Peeres : how you have been found guilty of *High Treason*. How active for your part, you have approv'd your selfe, in the speedy pursuance of your cruellest designes : which, as they were with much disloyall subtily hatched : so no lesse speedily to be acted, had they not been by the power of an *Higher band* divested. Meane time, how little sensible were you of this shaken and shattred Kingdome ? Your owne interest tooke up all your care : while our heart-sick State became desperate of cure.

Sir, The recollection of these must needs beget a remorse in you : with an earnest desire of your reconciliation to Him, whom you have so highly, and hainously offended. Which must be done seriously,

seriously, and seasonably, lest the hand of death arrest you, which is now approaching near you, before your peace be made. Your abuse to Sovereignty; your violation of our Liberty; your disturbance of Unity; your indangering of our publique Safety: All which with joyn't voice and voce have contested against you. These shoulde reteine in you such a deepe impression, that unless you be an enemy to your selfe, they must needs beget in you, both living, and dying, a sensible compassion.

Misar. I must confess, my Lords, that humane policy had too strong a seizure o're my thoughts. I shall wish my fall may be a caveat to others, of falling upon the like desigues; lest they become liable to the like unfortunate ends.

Argest. Your resolues are faire, Sir; may these close with as faire an evening.

Bonar. For you *Montanus*; what could in reason move you to take up Armes against your Soveraigne? Was it desire of Change? What estate could you aspire to higher, or for your condition better then what you injoyed? *Catiline* had some reason to plead for Treason; because his profuse course had brought him to a shaken fortune. But you were no such man. Well; I shall not aggravate it. Let *Death* be the *Guardian* of your *Crime*: Onely, let me tell you, your houres are few; employ them then only for eternity.

Monta. My Lord, I thanke you: my aimes are fixt that way.

Calazius. You are only left me, to speak to *Climus*. Nor shall I need to present to you the horror of those actions for which you are to suffer, I am perswaded, you are no lesse conscientious in repenting for them, then you were conscious in committing of them. Onely let me advise you not to be more fearfull of death, then you may be hopefull of a faire life; So you neglect not time, but make an usefull benefit of your just doome.

Climus. All my desires (my good Lord) shall be summ'd up in this; that by the Princes clemency, my censure of death may be so much sweetned, as it may be changed into banishment.

Calaz. Sure so I think it might, Sir; our State needs little feare you; you were never yet held any dangerous Plotter: only

* State shadow, whose designs had their period in desires : but you could pocket Treason , and conceal it ; nay, with protests of honour strive to salve it : being no lese then if you had contriv'd it. This renders you in that qualification, as your Crimes admit no lower punishment.

Enphor. So ! I see these younkers of the higher Siedge must be untrust'd.

Menip. No ; Thou art deceiv'd Euphorion ; they must be trust'd. ---- Let us observe the rest. These Grand Seniors presse here in clusters.

Themoph. Clear the Bar there behind. ---- Call *Lentulus*, *Metaxus*, and *Hercanus* to th' Bar.

Argeftes. Now, *Lentulus*, you lately heard what heavy Charge was laid against you : and how by the joyn't verdict of an uninterested Jury you were return'd guilty. Now then it behoves you, in this little space, nay pace of time, which must be afforded you, to take a serious Survey of all your actions and speeches. You could no lese immodestly then indiscreetly taxe a Member of your House, of an unmannery posture ; for laying his sinnew-shrunk leg before him for his ease; saying, more reverence was due so that place. But what Answer gave this Member ? Mr. Speaker, I could wish that you would begin as soone to sit upright in your Chaire, as I should do in rectifying this uncivile posture, as you call it. What I doe, is for mine owne ease : whereas you abuse your place for sinister ends. How inconscienciously you have pursued the Sides.ruine for your owne ends ! What a timing Prolocutor you have been to foment Sedition : and confine the Sovereignty of a just Prince, to the irregular sway and swinge of Faction ! It was your hint to Prae: Others to Say the Proposition's good : and by strength of prepared Votes, or absence of opposing Voices, to seale whatsoever was propos'd or said. But see to what shame and dishonour, a tongue tipt with the guilt of dishonest lucre may bring the Speaker ! your fame and fortune perish in one Bottom. That gaine which you so much lov'd, must render rewards to those whom you most hate. While a poor Shroud, after an ignominious death, shall be only left you to shadow your shame.

Lent. Good my Lord, give me leave to speake.

Argeftes. No Sir, you have spoke too much : your Lips are become

come your Snares. No *Poyson of Aspes* more full of Venome, then a *Tongue infected with the witchcraft of Sedition*. --- Jay-
lor looke to your Prisoner.

Bonarges. How now *Metaxus!* what meane those *Papers?* your present condition stands in more need of a *Manual of Prayers.* Your State admits no dispute.

Beflow now your *Sollitancy* for heaven. So long as you studiéd your *Cafe*, and pleaded the *Commons Cause* for removing publique aggrievances from our *Realme*; it got you repute: all which you have now lost by playing the foolish *Fauke*, and *soothing Sycophant* to a corrupt *State*. --- Withdraw the Prisoner.

Metax. I am ta'ne in my owne *Gin*: being therein lost, wherein I held my selfe most secure.

Menip. So --- there will be worke enough for a *Sollicitor in Limbo.*

Themoph. Draw nearer there to the Bar with *Hircanus.*

Menip. Trust me, He's near enough already. --- Pox on his Rogueship; this *Palliard* smels ranker then any *Welsh Goat.* He that holds not this *Tege* for a *Mortified Member*; He has small skill in Chyrsurgery.

Euphor. I wonder much those *Grave Judges* use not their *Pomander!*

Menip. They are the honestest men, *Euphormion*, to prefer *Justice before Sense.*

Calaz. For you, *Hircanus*; though *last*, not *least*, but *worst* of that Anarchicall Crue; I must tell you, that of all others, your inbred and indurate impudénce had so glazed your forehead, and by the *bladder of popular ayre* blown you up to that height of shamelesse boldnesse, as you durst affront Majesty, cry downe Monarchy, spurne at Authority, and lay a gappe open to that irregular *Track*, wherein your selfe so long trode, of licentious liberty. Command was with you a word of too strict acceptation: Loose lives desire ever to be lawlesse. Riotous-awlesse minds give freest admittance to easie reines.

Hircanus. Yet do me right, my Lord, your Honour knowes how I have ever maintained, *That if there were a necessity for us to have a King* (with which Title *my desires could never cordially close*) *my voice should passe for Him Whom we already had*, because we knew best how to trust Him.

Calaz. Go to, Sir ; you meant by that particle *Trust*, to asperse distrust upon your Sovereigne. ---- No more ; we will not rub too much upon your perfidious folly : Be it your care, if you intend your inward cure, to bestow your few houres (for many you must not have) in bemoaning your numerous crimes ; Dangerous Sins exact Deep Sighs. By how much flower you were in paying *Tribute* to your *Earthly Caesar* ; be so much speedier in rendring your *last dues* in these your *last daies* to your *Heavenly Maker*.

Enough, enough ; ---- Two dayes onely are afforded you for your Preparation. The Third appointed for your Execution.

Themophilus. Roome for the Judges. ---- Make way there, for the Prisoners.

Exeunt.

Menippus. Hab-hab-hab !
 Roome and make way sound equall to the care,
 Yet in construction severall senes beare :
 Giants and Pigmeys be of liker stature,
 For th' first refers to Judge ; the last to Traitor.
 Though some there be, and who have Judges bin
 Deservt a Slip for slipping from their King.
 For Scarlet never loogeth more his die
 Then when a Traitor weares that livery.

Thus, Those who poor petitioners suspended
 Find quick dispatch : So our petition's ended.
 May corrupt Members who returne deniall
 To mens just Suits, receive like TRAITORS TRIALL.

---- Come lets away, let's away, *Euphorion* ; when these come crowding to *Charon's Boat* ; He'll verily think, that Hell's broke loose : and that these were some of those *Pick-locks* who broke the Gaole : but being got againe, are to be wafted over to their old Lodging.

Haccus perfidia comitantia premia----?



THE PLAINTIFFE'S APPEALE.

Argued Dialogue-wise
*Betwixt Master OSBORNE, and
 Master HUNTINGTON.*

Regium est bona facere, & mala pati.

Osborne.



Ow goes the squares, Master *Huntingdon*?
Hunt. All out of square, M. *Osborne*. I hold nothing more dangerous then to accuse a great man of Treason.

Osborne. Tis no wonder ; hast thou no fear of an approaching fury ; in levelling thy shot at such a *Conquering Leveller*, as wins wheresoever he comes ; and takes in wheresoever he Summons ?

Hunt. Who would ever have thought that he should come to such a formidable Greatnesse ?

Osborne. Who ever knew him since these brackish times, and could think that this cunning Porpuise could fish worse in such troubled waters ? Trust me, *Huntington*, howsoeuer you stood conceipted, that his *braine* symboliz'd with his *barmy* profession ; I observ'd him ever, to have *Sage* in his *pate* : And that his *Heal-piece* (as one observ'd) would make an excellent *Pipkin* to boile *Monarchy* : and his *Breast-piece* a rare *Drippin-pot* to baste *Presberty*. He knew well how to walk in a *foade* to his

* This was *full* Foes : and in the Sun-shine to his Friends. * Besides, didst not observe how he advanced none to Commands, but such in whom he had a commanding interest ? nay, & to oblige them the more, were knit to him by alliance or blood. And these no *Shallots* neither. For they knew well how to build upon his materialls ; and to act the designes of absolute *Instruments* by his influence.

Salust.

Ma. rob.

Plutarch.

Moman.

Hunt. All this had redounded more to mine honour, if way, as Justice requir'd it, and due Allegiance enjoyn'd it, might be given to my *Charge* : which was so punctuall in every particular, as it could admit no exception.

Osb. Pray thee, *Huntington*, didst thou never read how the *Capitol* was ever shut, when *Jannis Temple* was open ? Art thou become so hood-winkt to the knowledge of these *Worst times*, as not to observe, how *Greatnesse* is a subterfuge to *Guiltinessse* ? How dangerous is it for *Justice* to plead her priviledge of Right, or enter into contest with a *flesh'd Souldier* with his *Sword* in his hand ?

Hunt. Souldiers who have their lives in their hands, should have grace in their hearts.

Osb. True, they should so ; but these *Martiall times* can shew us no such Presidents. *Successe* makes a Souldier swell above the bounds of Justice.

After *Pharsalia's Field*, so fatall to *Pompey*, so successfull to *Cesar*; it was too hard a task for *Cicero* with all his Eloquence; or cunning *Cælius* with his Compliance ; or censorious *Cato* with all his gravity and composednesse, to work upon *Cesars* thoughts any thing lesse then a Monarchical influence. Either a *Cesar* or none ; and that *Cesar* a King ; and that King no King but *Cesar*.

Thou art to know *Huntington*, for else thou knowest nothing, how these *airy Spirits*, who hatch their *high-flowne projects* in the *Eagles nest*, never use to observe friendship, or court any favour but what may suite with their Ambition. He, who was but lately a Souldier of fortune, by his improvement from fat and numerous plunders, is now conceipted that his condition holds in a Spheare above the reach of fortune.

Hunt. But pray thee, *Osborne*, can these, who are for the present, thus transported with this vading shadow of their pretended

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ded happiness, grounded on pillage and rapine ; and like a rotten Building supported only by the *Bases* of others ruine ; can these, I say, be so miserably besotted with the opinion of their *plundered greatness* ; as to imagine that this giddy-headed world will never come to her wits again ?

Osb. What else, *Huntington* ? So long as these *Pious Rookes*, or *Magisteriall Mag-pies*, deigne to bestow no better style on their *Soveraigne*, then a chief publick Officer of this *Kingdome* : Dost not think they are confident enough of their Cause ; and that their Party is grown too strong to entertaine a change ?

Hunt. We shall then, no doubt, have a dainty *Waxen State* on't, when every *blind Moale* may cast himself in his own *Mold* ; and kick *Discipline* with his heeles.

Osb. What may we expect lesse, when the *Feet* hold equipage with the *Head* ! The divine Story sufficiently informes us ; that when there was no King in Israel, every man did what he pleased. *Judg. 17. 10.*

Hunt. It will be a great pleasure for an honest minded man to live under such a Government !

Osb. Honest men, *Huntington* ! Those be rare *Birds*, and of a forraigne Airy. Were that wise *Cynick* now living, he would not bestow a farthing candle on his *Dark-lanborne*, to spend it in the fruitlesse pursuit of that *Inquest*. No, no, *Honesty* now goes by *Beards* : He that can time it the best, deserves to enjoy his own, and his neighbours to boot. A rough-rigid Committee-man, who will not stick to impawne his *Soul* to improve the *Publick*, deserves the *Grecian Tripod*. This sage *Decoy* is superfi- ded for all his *transgressions* from above : doe not mistake me, I mean from above Hell at *Westminster*.

Hunt. They have a brave joviall time on't.

Osb. And so might we too, *Huntington*, had we been timely wise. What *Mad-caps* were we, to shhoot our *Shafts* at the *Moone* ? Could we in reason think, that our *Gracious Senate* would swinge their own *Champions*, *Patrons*, *Associates*, or *Assassins* ? Had we no Articles of Charge to preferre against *State malignants*, but their own *Assistants* ? We had surely, left our eyes at home with those *Lamian witches*, in running head-long into such a precipice ; as to make fetters for our own feet by our Loyall service.

Hunt.

Hunt. For all this, I feare not but a time will come.
Osb. Yes; To *suspend* us for endeavouring to impeach their
 Protectors of *High Treason*.

Hunt. Suspend us! How doest thou mean, *Osborne*, by our
 Estates?

Osb. No, *Huntington*, but by our *Necks*.

Hunt. Sure they will not be so cruel.

Osb. O, thou mistakes it! " Mercy to the Wicked, is cruelty to
 the Innocent. It were tyranny to shew indulgency, or least spe-
 cificall impunity upon such as we two are, who have trenched so
 highly on their propriety.

I shall acquaint thee with a late passage of a virtuous sweetly
 demeaned Gentlewoman, daughter to Sir *Peter Killigrave*; who out of her pious zeal to His Sacred Majesty, with a deep
 sense of His unprincely usage during this His restraint; was plea-
 sed to write in Sea-coal, in a place not farre distant from *New-
 port*, onely these words, *Hammon was hanged, and the Kings
 wrath was pacified*. For which Sentence she stood in great danger
 to incurre a censure; had She not been saved by her Book,
 though by some held for Apocryphall Scripture. And being
 further pressed; that the Name used in *Esther* was *Ammon*;
 She wittily replied, that H was no Letter: So as by means of
 her wit so well authorized by Scripture, She came off clear from
 further censure.

Hunt. I must confess, there be more *Hammons* then *Mor-
 decays* in that Island. But it was well for the Gentlewoman she
 came off so faire: For it is no playing with *Lions* at the mouth
 of the Cave.

Osb. Yet observe but those wanton Cubs of their own Litter;
 and thou shalt see them without controul, sporting in others
 Inclosures far freer.

GRIFFITH, a Member of the House, ravish'd the
 Lady *SHULDLET*; and this was but a prank of youth;
 exempted from censure. *MARTIN* may play the frisking
 frolick *Goat*; and in the disguise of an *Independent*, though his
 jeering Doxes sweat by all the indisposed haire of their *Boulds*
 periwigge; that Hee's become an emasculated *Dependent*. So
 as, with a kick oth'breoch they discard him; transmitting him

to the Committee of Examiners for an usefull Agent in a troubled State; but none for them. This leprous Lecher, I say, may attempt any Ladies honour: and returne piping-hot from his Neapolitan Stove, and his Common Whoores, to the House of Commons; with an obscene mouth, venting nought but Treason: and this beastly Buffoun must be hugg'd for a Witty Traytour.

Hunt. And whence all this; but because the KING's Power is weaken'd: which makes Him more sleighted, less feare? But if it be in the Armies power (as 'tis conceiv'd to be) to purge the House, as Hercules did those Augean Stables: the Parliament may thank themselves; Their power will be abridg'd, as well as the King's.

Osb. 'Tis true; yet there was a Precept which admitted no such restraint of Power: nor abate of feare. *Ady Sonne, feare thou God and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change; for their calamity shall rise suddenly, &c.*

Prov. 24.
21, 22.

Hunt. True; But These, who by their licentious living, rioting and surfeiting, (and all for the good of the Publick,) put the Evil day farre from them, never dreame of any such calamity to rise suddenly, and fall upon them. Alas, poore Soules! (for I must pity them, though I perish by them) they laugh like the Foole when He goes to the Stocke. Impiety cannot promise to it selfe long impunity; *Nulla Salus, iniquo bello.* Their Principles are deep-ingrain'd in blood: Their Lawes in Draco Lines; all Rubicks. That wise (but unfortunate) STRAFFORD, shew'd himself an excellent Monitor, and probably, a true Diviner of their future condition. He told them of his feares, when He tooke his leave of earth: "Parliaments grounded in blood, could promise no good Successe. We have found it; and They must finde it. For when divine judgement is deferr'd, it inferres more to come. The whole State is sick; and heart-sick: for, how can the Body be at ease, when the Head fares so ill? Now, this Sick State being sensible of her distemper, seeks about for a Physician: but unhappy is that sick Patient that is indanger'd more by his Physician, than his Disease. The Patient is the State: and her Physician is the Senate. But small judgement (it seemes) had this Physician either of her Water, or her pulse. For, her Water is turn'd into blood: and her pulse beats nothing but distemper. Members fight One with Another: and threaten Dissolution to the Whole.

Infelicitas ergo, cui plus est à Medico periculi quam à Morbo.

Osb. Their comfort is, their precipice cannot be steep: seeing the whole Island must be laid *Levell*.

Hunt. Too certaine; These Civil Warres must leave such impreensive Scars to posterity; that though this terme of *Levelling* sound cheerfully in the Eare of debauch'd Haxters, and profule Rioters; who look for a day when Debts must pay themselves: and Trades-mens Books make publick Bonefires: yet be there many plump-fed *Labsters* both in City, and Countrey, will hold it a strange Catastrophe; when the very *Dregs* of the *Land* must squeeze their Vessels: and their hopefull Heires, for whom they tooke such infatigable care; become Sharers at best with these Levelling Sharks.

Osb. It will be, indeed, a strange World, my Masters! as that *Carydon* of *Croydon* said, When the *Winfleet Oifresse* must ride cheek by youle with the *Lady Mayoresse* in her Caroch: and with a gracious buxom bed, salute her Subjects as She yoggs along, with, *a God save you my good People*.

Hunt. Thou doest well, *Osborne*, in making a merriment of thy Misery.

Osb. Doe well or ill, all's a matter. Warres grounded on Such Principles, could never fare better. He that holds himselfe safe, should he, Sit at the Steasne, in a Disturbed State? Surely, He's as dangerously Distracted as any raving Soule that inhabits it. We were too well fed, to be no better taught. We injoy'd plenty; and our Surfeiting begot in us a Loathing: and our next descent, Scarcity. We delir'd infinitely to fight, though we knew not for what. Pretences and Shadows were faire inducements to mine a Kingdome. "So sweet is War to those that know it not."

Three grave requisites are to be assyding of necessity to legitimate a Warre: *viz.* Supreme Authority. A Sound Cause. A just Intention: For Commanding it, for Undertaking it, for Execution of it. But whether these just grounds were found in our *Palace yard at Westminster*, or no? that's a materiall *Quere*.

They may rob a deluded State, with telling. All is for the *Publick Good*; meane time, *Private Coffers* be those *vast Exchequers* of the State.

The *Jewish Corbona* may not be compared to their Store-house. Meane time, our Commony is *merly gull'd*; They wonder how

how so many Sequestred States, insupportable Loanes and Levies in times of Free Quarter, should be employed : and the Army remaine unsatisfied.

Hunt. No man that has his braines about him will wonder at it : Those *State-Saints*, in the times of their feares, discovered sufficiently where both their *Hearts* and *Treasures* lay. The Parliaments Golden Navy lanch'd forth in those daies for *Holland*, with other convenient Coasts; where their *Wisdomes* had set their Rest. Their *Purveyors* were sent before them ; but since their panick feares vanished, they never to this houre overtooke them. Those, who were scarcely Savers at home, in the time of Peace ; are now become Usurers abroad, in this time of Warre. Thus the English State becomes a *Forraine Staple*.

Osb. Meane time, what will become of us that can neither thrive at home, nor abroad ?

Hunt. We may thank our loyall Service for it.

Osb. 'Tis true ; and thou art to be commended for't. I cannot compare thee more fitly, *Huntington*, then to One of those brave courageous Doggs that the Prince of *Albany* sent to *Alexander the Great* ; who scorn'd to fasten on any Small or inferiour Beasts, as Fox, Badger, wild Goat, or Otter ; but Lyons, Elephants, Panthers and Tygres. None but brave victorious *Olivier*, that Universall Leveller ; who makes but an *Harvest* worke of mowing downe both *Wales* and *Scotland* : where in his *military Prograffe* (for Warre is but His recreation) He was entertained with more Debonaire Salutes, and Courtly Congies by that *Achisophel ARGYLL*, then ever He vouchafed to bestow on his *Sovereign* all his time ; None, I say, but this *Northorne Terror*, this *Caladian Conquerour*, *Welsh Warrier* could serve thy turne to rugge with : while it was my unhappinesse to be snapt by a * *Wesel* ; a Soutry Souter ; who alwaies had his ends : and liv'd by them. A rotten rebellious Runnegado, who left his Shoppe to salute the KING his Master with a Pistol Shot. A pilfring Night ranger, that had more Diseases then an Horse : A *Fistula* in his breech ; an *Imposthume* in his breast ; and an *Apostay* in his heart.

Hunt. Yea *Oborne*, but now *Fistula dulcet canis* —
Gaffar *WILD*, that Child-Chopper of the *Chequer*, his from certaine parcels of partiall-guilt Nonsense, cur'd Him of all Diseases, and made Him go streight.

Make inquiry
at the *Leopard*,
the *Unicorn*,
the *Victory*,
the *Marygold*,
the *Ensifer*,
the *Soveraigne*,
(wherein they
desire no great
share :) And
some of these
will acquaint
you better,
where these
Gebeyas have
banked their
treasure.

* This fignam-
tiz'd Traitor
was since made
Governor of the
Isle of Wight,
where He practis'd
that
bloody Defigne
against his So-
veraigne Lord
and Master.

A Wild Barren
braine for a
Lord Chief Baron.

Osb. But never of the Kings *Evill.*

Hunt. Thou meant of the *Evil* he meant the *King!*

Osb. What else?

Hunt. Pish! *Osborne*, thou dash'd the very heart of thy Cause out in the beginning: for though thy *Plea* were justifiable, thy *Foe* despicable, nay in the presence of Loyalty detectable: though (I say) thy *Cause* were as *worthy*, as his *Cause* *nasty*, yet thou darknedst it so at the very first, as it could never promise better successe at the last.

Osb. How! darkned it?

Hunt. Yes, I'le tell thee how: The first grounds of that Charge thou laidst against Him were so soiled, sullied, and purfled with *Saw-pit Sand*, as when it came to be read, very few of either *House* could Discover the Character.

Osb. Thou art pleasant, *Huntington*; But had that *Saw-pit Peere* liv'd in *Severus's* time, He would have choack'd him with his owne Dust, for labouring to gravell such an Act of High Treason.

Hunt. True; but what *Act* can make Him a *Traytour*, that acts nothing against the *KING* but as a *Publique Officer*? His Prerogative-Royall extinct, Treason loseth her name.— But now *Osborne*. Since like two tame Fooles, we are catch'd both in one Net; let it be no *Eye-sore* to thee, that my *Foe* should be a

Parson refers an
compedibus au-
reis an ferricis
perstringas, mo-
do detineras.
Paulan. in Plut.

Conquerour, thine a *Cobler*. It Skills not much whether my Fetters be of Gold or Iron, so long as I remaine in Prison. "But I heare, *Osborne*; how thy private Interest having failed in thy Designe of freeing the *KING*, has lately forced thee (what will

"not the activest and clearest Spirits doe in cases of necessities) to
make thy Addresses to the *House*.

Osb. It were well argued by Those that Object these Addresses against me, if they could find where that Interest lay. It is well knowne to the whole world, I was free and at liberty to go whither I would, before I gave notice to the Houses of this treacherous Designe against His Majesty. Upon Discovery whereof (after such time as that White-liver'd Leveller had disburdened his Pocket of my Letter), most Men were of opinion that the Houses would hardly bestow any reward upon me for my Intelligence, at least, it hath not hitherto appeared. So that no other

Address

Addresse but the Publique Interest, wherein every loyall Subject is concerned, *The Preservation of His Sacred Majestie*, had influence upon Me, to draw me to This : and upon this ground, God (I hope) will still assist me against *Hammond*, whom I count a filly weake Man in all actions, except Villany and Treason : and that branded *Affacil Rolph* : and all their Complices.

Hunt. Thou doest well in that, *Osborne* ; resolution must either make us Parliament-proof, or I know not what will become of us. Should we hang downe head like Bull-rushes, we should be presently accounted *False-Accusers* : Such as were ashamed of our Charge.

Osb. Which for my part, I shall never be : Truth is, that Reverend Senate which pretends such Uprightnesse ; may be ashamed to enjoyn us a peremptory Day to pursue our Charge : and now being ready to justifie our Plea ; thus to trifle time, and poaste us off with fruitlesse Delaies : Which presupposeth Some (and those no *Rookes* of a Low Perch neither) to be accessary to the Bill.

Hunt. Blame them not then if they make it their Labour, to slip their necks out oth' Collar. — Now I profess to thee, *Osborne*, (for I am so perswaded) that those *Senate-Zimri's* who have been hatching their *Crocodile-eggs* visibly these eight yeares; but invisibly Some Decads of Time; meane by some nimble tricks of *Legerdemaine* to have those hatefull Traytours, whom we have justly acused and impeached, clearly acquitted ; and our selves who stand in Defence of our Plea, personally indited.

Osb. So, indeed, was that *Wildmans Motion*.

Hunt. And were not this extreame justice, for us to be thrown into Prison, for our labouring by timely prevention, the preservation of the KING's Person ?

Osb. Pish ! What doest thou speak of *Justice* ?

— *Terra Africana relquit.*

Westminster hall has shut gates of her long agoe. That Court of Wards *Custision*, whose imbrodery protest it selfe an *Attourney* for the *Widow* and *Fatherleſſe*, is worne to the botome. That Court cannot be more out of Request then the *Custision* out of Date. Besides, that *Dien & Mon Droit*, which was sometimes held a proper Posic for every Court of Justice, suffers with our Saints in all

our Cathedrall and Parochiall Church-windows : being a French Poſie, and held Superſtitious, because it ſmeſls of the Countrey of Queene Mary.

Hunt. Whereto then ſhall we appeal ? To the Court of Conſcience ?

Oſb. In no caſe ; That was put downe with the *High Commission*. Though in truth, it went out of the Court long before the Court went downe.—No ; ſince we are ſhut from all Courts, let us flie into our ſelves : The *Sanctuary of a Sincere Conſcience* ; where we ſhall find a faithfull Advocate to plead our Innoſcence.

Hunt. Agreed. “ Let Foes and Furies rage, a loyall breſt
“ May ſafely ſay, Come ſond, and take thy reſt.



THE
STATE-MONKY;
OR,
The DISLOYALL FAVORITE:
From PARTHE'S *De Gest: Arag:*

Originally extracted, with all propriety
rendred, and to an Eminent Subject of
these Times, personally applied.

SBN:

In ipso Scelere, fructus Sceleris est.


 O Creature more odious then *Man*, when he begins to unman himself. No *Member* more dangerous to his *Country*, then a *Court-fawne*, or *State-sharke*. Such an One, has crept into the posture of Courting *Sinne*: and idolatrizing *Sense*. All his ay me is to prepare a Curtaine, to shroud his vice from Discovery. For in his too much heightned prostitution, He becomes more jealous of the *Groomes* of the *Privy-Chamber*; then the *All-seeing eyes* of the *Almighty*. We shall need no other *Pencil*, then his owne *loose life* to draw his feature. He has by this time, set up his *Court* in another *Orbe*. Lust is too hot to nestle long in One *Clyme*. And here suppose Him imbanding and Sating his *Swelling desirs* in those usurped imbraces of his *Dalsilab*. Meane time, that distressed and wofully distracted *State*, from whence They came; and whereto They owe themselves, suffers infinitely for their folly. Fields become Wastes;

Cities,

Cities, Wildernesses ; Forts, demolished ; Townes, dis-peopled ; Herds, estranged from their Downes ; Flocks, from their Folds ; Feare at home, Fury abroad ; Nuptialls made Funeralls ; Cheerfull Brides, carefull Widowes ; Old-men, Young-mens Executors ; and those who were nearest them in bloud, their Executioners ; Sons at enmity with their Fathers ; Fathers their Sons betrayers ; the reeking Sword raging in every corner ; the thirsty ground opening her jawes to take in the forrage of every daies Slaughter. All this while, this *Man of Sense*, this *Zanis of Pleasure*, braves it in the prohibited Delights of a Devested Prince : retaining not so much as the least Sentiment of his restrained CHIEFE ; who improved his liberty : nor of that PERSONS honour : whose *abused Greatnesse* bestowes now a Vermillion blush on her too long eclipsed Majesty.

Reflect on thy condition, thou Sensuall Libertine ! Is it possible that any Creature indued with reason, should labour His ruine, from whom He received his extraction ? Were not the Names of *Artaces* and *Nabarzanes* branded with lasting dishonour, for practizing unworthily against their Founders ?

Recall to mind those *private Addressrs*, betwixt thy Disloyall selfe, and that *Perfidious Senate-house* ; and thou wilt confesse thy mercenary basenesse. A Scandall to the Bed of Honour : A profest villaine to a just Master. Eye thine owne actions, and see what thou findst in them ! Was not *Ingratitude* scrued up to a sufficient height, by being Sharer in that *princely pleasure*, wherein none was to reteine a property save the *true Owner* ; and He thy *Master* : but thou must mould new Designes, to obstruct all meanes of his Assistance : lest his liberty might abridge this freedome of thy injurious Dalliance ? O imparaleld impudence ! An ambitious pursuit of *Sovereignty* (though Majesty seldom admitt Corrivals) is more Dispensable, then this continued Track of *Sensualsy*, which abridgeth life by corrupt love : and effeminate Man by exposing his *Divinest Faculties* to the Service of *Sense*.

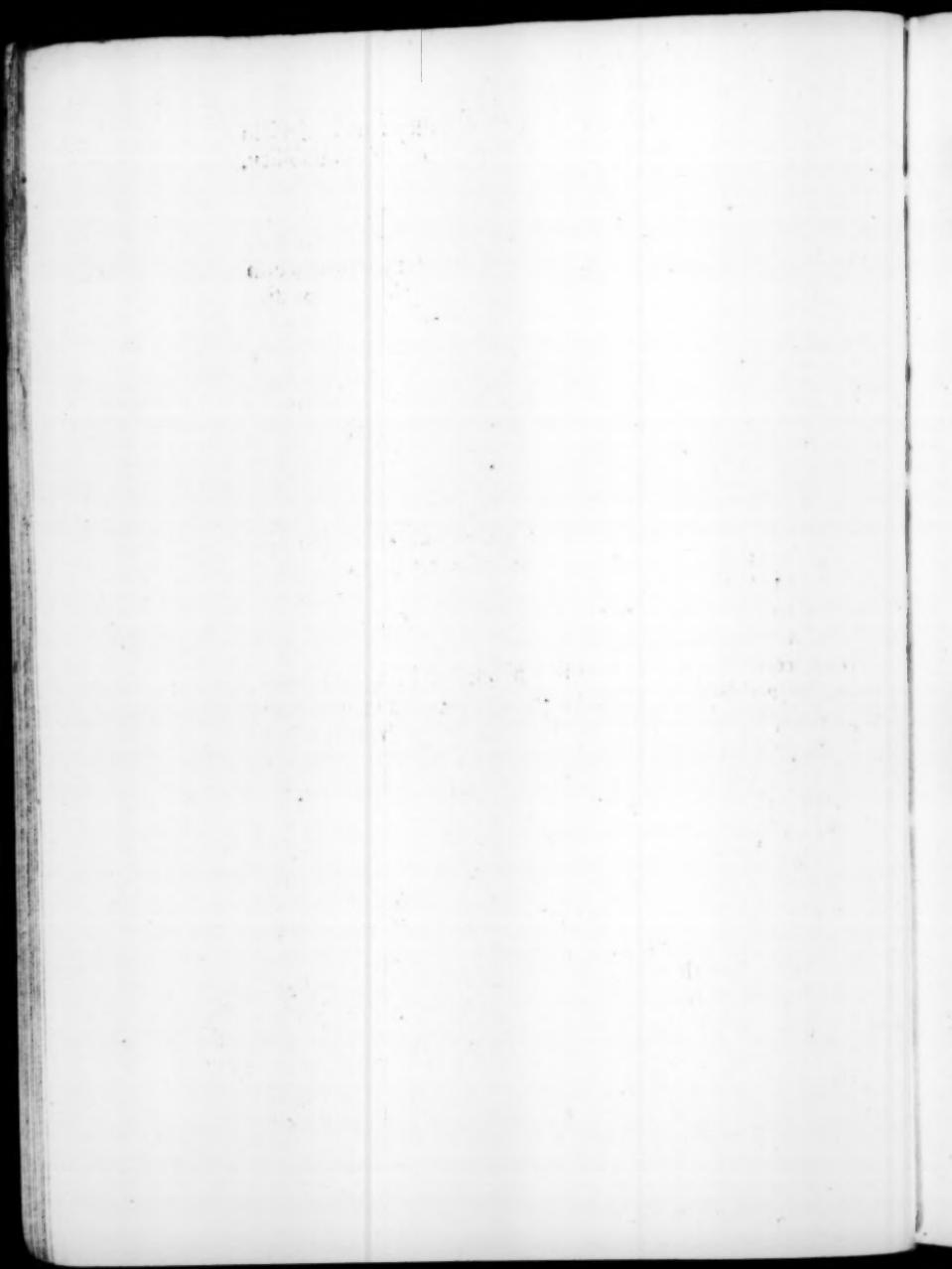
Nor shall that native ardour, nor sinnowy vigour, which for a Season sprinkles in thy bloud ; and makes thee such a *choice Object* to so eminent a *Mistresse* ; render the *ever gratefull* to such imbraces. There can be no Perpetuity in a Subject of Frailty : There

There can be no perpetuity in a Subject of frailty : much lesse in a Prospect of folly. Embleames may we see of this mutability, wheresoever we suffer our eyes to be Spectators. Now should thy Person incurre dis-esteeme, or an easie neglect through dis-ability : or become wholly slighted by a more active, and attractive favourite : what a strange *Catastrophe* would this produce in thee ? With what folded Armes, melancholly Walks, pensive thoughts, and pitifull *aie-mee's*, wouldst thou ravell out the remainder of thy dayes : And so fool theeselfe in bethinking how miserably happy thou wer't in the fruition of thy former fancy : and consequently, how unhappy, by being insensible of those miseries which thy impoysoned affection had brought on thee ? What imperfection attends that Solace, which is ever accompanied with repentance ! And such are thine, unhappy man, whose infatiate appetite admits no mean. What is a *Moment to Eternity* ? Hear the advise of a *Sage Professant* : *If thou wilt needes open thy bosome to love ; fix it on such an Object of Fancy ; as thou mayst have in it a just propriety. Stolne waters may seeme sweet to the Sense ; but they taste bitter to the Soul.* Thy own *Cisterne* will afford the sweetest and purest.

To divert then from thee, this opinion of being a *German wonder*, nay, a *Monster* in deluding thy *Master* ; and in betraying thy *Country*, a *Viper* : arise from those sheets of shame : Cure thy distemper by a timely absence from thy Mistresse. Sloath and delicacy is the onely effeminator of Man : and fomenter of Sin. The Poet confirmes it :

*Want of imployment makes the wisseſt erre,
Sloath cans'd Aegistus play th' Adulterer.*

These present *Civill Wars* invite thee ; Thy *Princes safety* injoynes thee ; The *redemption* of thine *Honour* calls upon thee. Though *Reputation* be not so easily gain'd as lost : yet so gracefull be those *Returns* which remorse of Conscience makes : as they beget in us a pious pity, and religious joy, wheresoever we finde these evidences of an unexpected, but unfeigned Conversion.





P E M B R O O K S P L E A :

O R,

A just Vindication of his H o n o u r,
from all those injurious Aspersions,

A N D

Abusive INVECTIVES of these

T I M E S.

Non facilis est venia, prava dixisse de rectis.


T cannot be without wonder, that this Age so much distempered with Civill Factions ; should be taken up with such prejudicacy, as to retaine no candid, nor clear thoughts for Personages of Honour. Such especially, whose actions, were they summ'd up from their first infancy and initiation in the Court ; or *Affaires of State* : cannot merit any rigid or Critick Censuro, as might justly lay either upon themselves, or those Families from whence they were Anciently derived, in reality the least dishonour.

This cannot in any one be more personally, nor, presentially instanted than in our *Chancellor of Oxford*, the *Earle of Pembroke*. Against whom, some virulent traducing Pens, to disgorge their exuberance of Wit or *Surguedry* rather, have used such abusive liberty ; as their vindication of those expuls'd Members of Colleges within that *University* ; cannot do less then bring along with it an *error of judgement*, in all those who made choice of

Him, for their *Chancellor*, whom his Speeches, Actions, or palpable Ignorance, as is pretended; have rendred so odious, or incapable of such Academick Honour. Why was not this foreseen, and timely prevented, before He came to be elected? Did He walk more in the *Clouds* then now? or did He discover more hopes of protecting, or improving the *Priviledges* of that famous *Seminary* then now appeares? No; it was neither his neglect of These; nor his dis-regard of Those, whom in point of Honour He was to protect: No; nor his *pretended ignorance*, but *ready compliance* with those late-domineering *Visitants*, that begot Him distaste. Admit all this; resolve me candidly what might probably be done in this Case to salve his honour: and reteine the affection of those *Houses*, who by *Ordinance of Parliament* were to become subject to the Sentence and Censure of those *Visitants*? Should He have opposed the proceedings of these *Visitants*? No; for so should He have opposed the *two Houses of Parliament*: and for his *Opposition* purchased to himselfe a *Deposition*.

But He should have allayed the fury and violence in their forme of Proceeding! No doubt he did; using by way of perswasion the best meanes He could to attemper, and sweeten the tartnesse of their Censure: that Stoicall roughnesse of their behaviour. For had He done otherwise; as by publique reproof, or authorized Severity, admonished them to look to their *Principles*: and not to transgresse those bounds which a *Superior Command* had prescribed them; His honour had runne himselfe upon the same Rock. For those *University Visitants* were no such Moderate Men, nor Mecke Spirits, as to admit of reproof. They knew well their own strength: whom to appeal to; and from whom to receive speedy redresse; upon the very least complaint exhibited: or affront pretended.

Yet all this cannot cleare Him (you will say;) It had been the Duty of an honest and integrious *Chancellor*, in discharge of the trust conferred on Him, and recommended to Him; to encounter all extremes rather then to suffer any pretentive or Deputative Power to incroach upon the ancient Statutes, Lawes and Liberties of the *University*; whose Patriot, Patron and Protector He had profest himselfe to be. But what would all this have advantaged

vantaged the Cause ! This might, indeed, have prepar'd way for an Other to *Succeed* him : but not to redrefle those wrongs done to the *Place* committed to him. Yet, will Some alledge, his *Honour* was highly conscious of one *Error* ; which, no doubr, He might seasonably have diverted ; by interposing himselfe by way of authoriy, for the indempnity of such *Schollars*, whose knownē abilities, sweet and Docile natures merited not onely approvement, but advancement in the opinion of Honour : and whose rising hopes might have presented them singular *Ornament*s to so absolute a *Mother*. It is answered ; that his unquestioned desires applied them seriously though not so effectually that way, as He did wish. For such *Severe Censors* were those *Visitors* ; as neither *able parts* nor *affable natures* could have any influence upon them. If they appear'd not pliable to their bent, suitable with their straine ; They might necessarily incurre Censure. The walls of the *University* were of too strait a Circumference to confine them.

Thus you see how groundlesse aspersions have beene throwne upon his *Honour* without Cause ; being desirous with his most studious endeavours to pursue, what His *Countermanded Power* could not effect.

Shall we now peruse Him as He was *Courtier*, or employed in *affaires of State* ? It was sometimes observ'd by a Wife and experieñd Historian ; that there were three *Objectts*, of all Others, most fatally dangerous to a qualified Courtier. Ambition ; Avarice ; and Recede from imployment. Let us examine these in Him.

Ambitious He was never ; for his desices were ever impaled within the freedome of their owne just limits. His highest *Ambition* was how to preferre the just Suite of an injured Petitioner, and to expedite it without Charge to the Preferrer. To be eminent in the eye of a Prince ; and make use of his royll favour in so pious an Office is a glorious Ambition. Besides, he was never observ'd to carry a Supercilious Look : nor reteine a Difficulaty of access. Bearing a cheerfull pleasent aspect to all Commers and Saiters, without an imperious Dis-relishing frowne ; which was such a Stranger to his Countenance ; as there was nothing He held at more distance.

For *Avarice*; there is none that truly knows Him, but will witness for Him, that it was never in request with Him; nor admitted to take acquaintance of Him.

He was never mercenary in the amplest favours He shew'd to any. So as, though there have been ever many both *Justiciaries* and *Courtiers* who might be aptly resembled to the *Celidonia Stars*, that loseth, it's virtue and vigour, when it ceaseth to be touch't with *Gold*; His Honor was not of that humour. Wealth was one of his lowest and contemptiblest Objects. His Revenues, indeed, were great; which might have stored his coffers with an affluence of treasure: but his desires were never confined to those ends. His bounty every where returned Him this testimony.

For *Recreas from imployment*; it was a thing, which of all other, He most hated. He was, you will say, a *Man of pleasure*. He was, indeed, much addicted to Exercise and Recreation; wherein He would usually be very Sociably merry. Some slight perfunctory Passion might, perchance, sometimes overtake Him; but it was quickly overcome by Him. In all these Recreations and Delights, a pleasing familiarity accompanied Him; which in all Places procured him loue: Being nothing like Some of our *Surly Lords*; who hold familiarity in such contempt; as they become contemptible to their familiars.

Some infirmities, I must confess, He has; as every One has Some: and He the best who is Subject to the least. And of These He repents Him. Neither is He at any time incensed at Such as friendly admonish Him of them: but with all affability thank them. Habits, indeed, in Vice, are sooner got then forgone. But his desire to be reclaim'd from them, argues his hate to them: with his resolution wholy to decline them.

His small acquaintance and familiarity with *Books*, should not muster Such *Invectives* against his Person: though *Learning* be the exquisitest beauty, that can impellish *Honour*; yet it directs not alwaies a line to that *Centra*. There be more Havens to arrive at then *Corynth*. To be a *Protector* of *Learning*, though no *Professor*, is praise-worthy in Honour.

Now, to conclude this *Apology*; whereas, much might be here Objected against Him touching his *Compliance* with these times; what that Great Favourite spake sometimes to ingenious *Pibrack*; may

may be return'd in his behalfe : *Honours and Revenues be strong
pullies to frailty.*

But I am confident, his *Honour* receives in Him thoughts of Loyalty : and will be ready to manifest them to the world with all reality.

You then, who usually walk in Shades of *Worm-Wood*, cease from dipping your Pens in the least tincture of *Gall*, that may any way tend to the impeachment of *Honour*. There be other Subjects fitter for Loyally-affected Subjects. Let your Pens be so employed, that *Goodneffe* may be rather encouraged ; then the least hopes of proficiency in actions of Honour retarded.

For his Secretary *Michael Oldsworthy*, Esquire, (so nearly symbolizing both in name and nature with that Eminent confined *Divine*) as His abilities are well known : so is his integrity no less approv'd.

He shoots shafts at the Moon, (as one no less worthily than Morally observeth) who out of a Malignant humour, makes it his labour to darken the splendour of *Goodneffe* and *Honour*.

FINIS.

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good character & I am sure it will add to the value of your
books.

The authorship of the book is not clear. It may be
the work of a man named John Smith or it may be

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A
P O T I O N

F O R

B R I T A N C I C U S:

W I T H

A *Cordiall powder for the Stationary
Eve-dropper*; that Sir Reverence
Rabby *LUKE HARRUNET.*

A tergo Nemesis.



O ! you sirra *Brutifh Britannicus*.—You nitty-nasty *Law-louſe*, the *Anagram* of a *good face*—
Pray thee, Sir **GREGORY NON-SENSE**, marke what a nooze thou haſt woven for thy ſelſe ! If thy traduc'd *Mercurius* play not *Tir-tus* part, and make thee hang thy ſelſe by his tart, but true diſcovery of thee, I ſhall conclude thou haſt *fooles fortune*: and that want of understanding kept thee from hanging. For I ſhall no ſooner have diſeeted thy *Carrian* quality, then thou wilt wiſh with all thy heart (*I a*) that thou wer't transform'd by *Meduſa's* black rod, into one of thofe *Inſecta* that thou brainleſly talk'd of.

Now to thy *Anatomy Lecture*; which for meer pitty ſake, I ſhall doe with favour; leſt (thou Prodigy of Loyalty and Na-

ture) thy display should make thee a Spectacle of too much horrour to any modest Reader. First then, (thou *cheek-aside Gross*) shall I touch thy face? O no! It looks like a *Noli me tangere*. Thy party par pale will not endure the torch. Besides that, St. Antonies Fyre (my squeaking *Ginny Pigge*) which holds such affinity with thy crazy physiomy, proclaims to the whole world, that some *Incubus* or other makes thy mummitiz'd body their nightly Hackney.—How bravely my *Dyblapper* fluttered in *Cornelius Tub*! from whence, after some small vent or respiration, thou presentedst thy Adamite head like a *Moulted Skale-drake*, without so much as one hair of a *naturall Perrywig*. And well, thou scap'd so; for the sacrifice of a tuft of *Geatish baire*, or of a *decayed Calfe*, were unsatisfactory Gages for discharge of the Mountebankes Bill. Thus, my *Neapolitan Nit*, having with much bathing, cupping and chafing recovered thy desperately-infected Body from the Claws of the *Griuchaws*: and after all this, procured a speedy cure of the *Snap* thou hadst got over thins with a *French Faggot*: thou secondest thy recovery with an honest resolution, if thou hadst so much grace as to hold it; that thou wouldest never (for, *burnt Child fire dreads*) from that time forward indanger falling into any such Venetian Purgatories.—

But

*The Devill fell sick, the Devill a Fryer would be,
The Devill grew well, the Devill a Fryer was he.*

But now, my illiterate Crisket, I will break off from any further discovery of those broad-spreading Maladies of thy Malignant body (being the true Embleame of a *Raddish* for its frailty:) and take a little paus in display of those exuberant distempers of thy minde.

In the first place then give me leave to become thy *Remembrancer*: for it is much to be feared (if thou wer't a thing worthy either our fear, or our care) that thou art fallen into *Corvinus Messalabs* disease; having either forgot, or else wholly lost thy *good name*.

Tell me then, my *surly grumbeling Don*, doest not remember how thy *Father*, though he had small hopes of thee, and as weak promises of proficiency from that *Pedant* who taught thee; adventur'd to send thee to the University, purposedly to enable thee,

thee, if there were any vertue, or qualiside abilicy extant in thee : but how quickly, and that deservedly fell thy Freshman ship under the hand of a rigid Censure : being for thy boyish misde-measures publickly whipt ; in the School for thy ridiculous Arguments shamefully hit ; in thy owne Colledge unsociably jeer'd : and by generall vote and voice for thy loosenesse of living, and incapacity to learning, excluded the University without mercy ? But thy Ignorance hath cloath'd it selfe with such an incorrigible insolence ; as thou scorn'd to follow the example of the humble *Prodigall*. Ask forgivenesse for thy forepast follies ! No ; my ranting *Ratonne* ; Thou hadst such bad successe by Land, as thou meant'lt to make one Adventure by Sea; and to bring thy *Marchandise* from a farre.

A *Wife* is compared to a *Ship* ; but in these *Notions* different : She is neither to have many *Owners* ; seeing onely one is to have in her a propriety : neither to ruffle it with her *Top and Top-gallants* ; lest she should negotiate with folly, by entertaining those dressles of vanity ; nor lay her *broad-side* open to all encounters ; neither admit *Master-mates* ; nor partake with *sharers*. For this end, my dear *Don*, thou adventurously lanched, and at last prosperously arrived, for want of a better Harbour , at *Cuckolds Haven* ; where ever since, like a fullen *Sowrell*, thou haſt beene shaking thy *Velvets Head* ; but hopeſt in time to *put forth* : and brandiſh thy *brow-antlers* amongst the *El-ders*.

But we will leave thee with thy *Britannica* ; intended at first for the Meridian of *Duresme*, but may ſerve indifferently, upon any intervening opportunity for all *Great Brittany*.

But fee and wonder ! This pecking-Popingay-Puppy has by this time got an infinite itch (to sympathize with his in-laid, and skin-laid *Eryssipels*) to be ſeen in Print. He muſt foole it in *folio* ; there's no remedy. In ſuch miserable follies doe these madding times infuze these *Wittall Widgons*. But he muſt uſe the *weak wings* of his *Coy-ducke* to mount with : otherwife, his ſhort *Icarian flight* muſt be loone at an end. And who may this be ? A Cumrade, or fellow-Journeyman of his ; one for his wit of the ſame Laff and Size. A base *Bell-buzzard*, who will feaze-on any prey for his advantage : and, indeed, a late *baffled bonby*, who, take

my word for't, for his *pratise* will neither doe *Law* nor *Learning* hurt, unlesse it be to eat up their *Commons*. But this *Ingle* must be his *Instrument* to put his best helping hand to this *Weekly Shees* *worke*: or Mounseur *Clot-braine* must suffer his webbe to faile in the Loomes. Suppose them then jogging and jastling their equal-ly-poiz'd nodles together: and like two *adle Egges* thrown out of one nest, sent abroad to beget a noysome steame in the nostrils of any sensible Reader; breathing out this, in their *Peripatetick Garden-walke*, for a settled Conclusion: *That Brittannicus, who either out of his ambition, or his Cumrallies discretion, to free his hide from a laſt, was to take upon him the Title of an Author, and should play the Mercuriſt: though neither He, nor his Assistant knew the Gender of Mercurius.* And this *Puny-Puppy* must take upon him to oppoſe all those honest *Mercurii*, who wrote in their love to loyalty, for the honour of their Country.

Meane time, this egregious *Dottrell* dips his *Goſe-quill* in ſuch poysinous gall as might (for ſo his lean-lying *Geniſſe* meant) turn the colour of zeal: and by his Paradoxes in defence of Rebellion, repaire that maine breach of his irreparably decayed Breaches. *O Democritus*, resolve thee ſelfe to laughter: for thou hadſt never a rarer Subject to tickle thy ſpleane: nor ſuch a *Brain-trap* in all thine Isle of Guls to ſport with!

It was not ſufficient for this *Rebellions Rascal*, this ſordid fultry Sutler to ſoil pure paper with impertinences and Tap-house Stories purchased at the Expence of a double Jugge at the utmoſt; but he muſt vilifie their Persons, whom he dare not look on; hoping to be ſo ſuperceded by his *Britannick Anonymus*, as his *unknowne Name* may give him liberty (under *Mabbot's* privilege) to impeach any mans Name, and make it as infamous as his own.

Nor is it his onely Profession to asperſe dishonour on thoſe, who in the Opinion of beſt men, are held approved: but, by playing the base Sycophant, to magnifie thoſe, whose *Names* are odious to the Eares of all good men: nay, whose *Memories* ſhall rot, and to perpetuate their shame, leave ſtamps of ignominy to their hopeleſſe Families, for Cautions to Posterity.

Let but *Britannicus* purchase a paire of *uninterested Spectacles*, if he may reſerve ſo much from his *Commons*, and perufe his *Catalogue*

Catalogue of purple Magisteriall Bench-whistlers ; those reverend Scarlet *Grand Guis* : who never remember to whom they are sworne : nor to whom they are by allegiance to adhere : nor whose Persons they represent in their dispensation of judgment. O brave Sages ! Politick Sconces ! Deserve not these to be recorded ? yes, sure ; but in the *Black Book*, where all *State-Zimry's* must be canonized. Meane time, what *Hyperbolees* must these foyles of honour and *Staines to Justice* have bestowed on them ; to make the face of **T R E A S O N** look with the clearer Countenance ?

For to descend to thy *Criticall Catalogue*: (for I protest, thou deservest well to be pilloried by the *Parliament Party*, for abusing those *State-shadows* ; and bestowing on their immeriting persons, such undeserving praises :) So as instead of the *Clawing Sycophant*, thou actest the part of a *Saucy Critick*; in praising those whom all the world condemns : and for those pretended *virtues*, which their tainted *breasts* never harbour'd. For that praise falls into dispraise, where either the *Praiser* wants judgement : or the *Party praised* wants merit. Neither is it lesse *Criticisme*, to praise where either the *Object* or *Subject* admits no praise.

Thus with a palpable cheating Ignorance, thou committest a double Offence : First, in deluding these *Authenticall Transgressors* : in making them believe (if thy flattery could make them so credulous, or confidently opinionate, as to hug their *folly*) that all this *long track of disloyalty*, wherein they have so assiduateley stalked and trampled on the face of honour, was a *path of publique convenienty* ; leading to the safety, security, and liberty of the *Subject* : and no disturbance to a *civill peace* ; their *Principles* tending to no other end, nor their *Desigues* aiming at any other *Object*, then *Reformation of Church* by introducing a *Presbyterian Government* : and *redresse of abuses* coincident to the *State*, by coercion of Their power, who might otherwise extend Their power by a *Priviledge of Sovereignty*, and convert their Commands into a *Tyranny*.

This (my poore *Rooke*) were a plauisive palliating way, if thy shallow braines could either prellie it : or integrity of judgment prove it. But least one wedge drive out another, I must have a touch (my paltry *Parasite*) at thy next error : Wherein thou

desirest (but shallow-grounded desires ever produce groundless effects) to delude the People : whose judgments, were they as purblind as thine owne, thou wouldest make them believe, that whatsoever that *Perennial Confiscatory* of State has already ordered or shall hereafter order, conduceth principally to Their improvement ; and the Kingdome's honour : That there is no error, nor any Symptom of a corrupt Member, in that grave and gracious Senate-house. No Ordure (He wouldest say Order) in that High and magnificient Praetorian of Honour.

What a *Pithy-aspe* would this Oratour prove, if the ground were sound, he walkt on ! But such a *Dampe* steames from below, as it argues, some *hollownesse* within. There will appear *Knavery* in this *Saintly Confiscatory*, or the World's cozened. All is not gold that glitters, The metall of this *Adassy Capitol* resembles th' *Amulys* ; it has more *Moone* then Sun in it.

But now to those Reverend *Patriots*, which thy bleer'd eyes have summon'd up, and so highly mounted. "*The ravenous Puttock pursues the Parliament Kite*. Pleasure more suitable for an *Hagier* then a generous *Falconer*.

Now for the first, He derives his title from Kent. "*A man, whose faith and uprightnesse is many degrees above all that reprobation which the foulest of mortals can lay upon him*.

Show me, thou nasty excrementall *Ibis*, what *Bird*, or in what *Ary*, that is more likely to blast the fame of any good man, then thy *foule Mouth* ; Wherein *impudence* and *ignorance* hold such predominance ; as no modell eare capable of *Sense*, can chuse to doe losse then glow to heare *humanity* so much abus'd, by making it selfe a *Zanis* to every *Society* : an Object of contempt to all cleare judgments.

The *Morallist* can tell thee (thou *Scarabee* to honour) that *virtues* become *vices* and change their nature, when from a *virtuous* tongue they receive their *lustre*.

Trust me, *Sneaking Rat*, I should account it more praise-worthy, to be held thy profest foe then thy friend : and glory more in thy dis-esteeme then thy praise : for thy want of judgment would make me jealous of my selfe, for some maine defect, if I should receive approvement from thy pen. So as, this *Kentish Prete* were but little beholding to thee, if any virtue be extant in him :

him : seeing thy blanch'd praises rather impeach then improve him.

For thy *Second Patriot* or *Conscript Statist* ; He is an *Antiquary* ; One, who were he as *Loyall* as *Learned*, might be more deservingly reputed. But I wish He heard thee, how thy *phrenick pen* commends him. "A man not to be named without a religious kinde of horrour, and secret veneration. What meanes this *religious horrour*, thou *injurious Tetter*? Sure, there is either an error in the propriety of the *Author*, or escape from the *Printer*. For I appeale to the Person concerned in thy frivolous discourse, if in all His Readings through the whole Course of his *Antiquisities*, He ever read such a pitifull phrazie.

Thirdly, for thy *Englisc Brutes*; thou stylles Him more properly then thou thought of: For whosoever knowes Colonel *Henry Martin*, will conclude, that bee'd not stick to act *Brutus* part, if he had but opportunity to stab *Cesar* in the *Capitol*.

As for Master Speaker, being (as he is rendred) *A Gentleman of amoured constancy and faish to the State*, and *who so the infinite prejudice of his health* (but allegiance will prescribe him a cordiall) *hath stood constantly to his duty*, and *will leave a better memory behind him then any of his Accusers*.

I must tell thee in the fist place, that Comparisons are odious ; there may chance to be an *Accuser*, who upon equall termes may cope with your *Speaker*. Meane-time, many of those who know him are verily perswaded, that he would with all his heart lose all those vast summes which he has purchas'd with his Tongue, upon condition he might have no occasion to make Buttons with his T.

For Mr. *Solicitor*, whose very name attests him a *Saintly Professor* ; "He is a person of too much Worth and honour to be tainted by a slander. Yet I must tell you, Sirra *Snap*, for all his integrinous candour, Sir *John Stowell* did not stick to lay more to his charge, then his untainted fidelity could well answer.

For Mr. Justice *Rolls*, "A man of endowments, excellent, and not the leaft, for his parentage, contemptible ; (observe the contemptible propriety of this phrase) One whom the violentest malice durst never yet attack, till the madnesse of this pen (dipped in gall and poysen) did first attempt it.

Would

Would not this *Tucca* prove a daring Champion in defence of tainted honour ! Well, Sirra ; if thy *practise* faile, (as I am perswaded thou wilt never be guilty of much) I'le tell thee how thou shalt improve thy valour, and with sordid vailes minister fresh fuell to thy braving humour ; Turne Boult or desperate Haxter ; thou needst not want for *Inmates* ; thy *Coy duck* will furnish thy *Covy*. But tell me, my *Gue*, whence iſt, that thou shouldest have such confidence, in a distemper'd braine, to main-taine these atteling Assacinates, these timing Assertors of disloy-
alty ! Had thine empty *Scoace* been gifted like that acute *Eras-
mus*, *Gaudanus*, *Cornel. Agrippa*, ingenious *Rhesnerus*, or spritely *Co-radius*, or that no leſſe present then pregnant *Perottus*, then thou mightest with more assurance have writ as they did : Paradoxes of different Subjects : and transcendentts to inferiour judgments. Tasks more witty then necessary ; addressed to the *Praise
of Foly* ; *Vanity of Knowledge* ; *Bravery of Beggary* ; *Beauty of Deformity* : Or what might more properly and experimentally Suite with thy fancy, *BRITANNICUS* ; Pasquills in *Praise of the French Poze* ; in *Honour of a Cuckold* : and the *commodious Society of a Louse*.

Neither was this Subject which thy cloddy braine undertook, of leſſe difficulty, if thy Scribbling pen could have perform'd it as artfully.

Tairters are ſtrange Subjects for *Emcomiaſticks* : Thou mighteft have come off farre better, (though ſuch a Task, I confefſe, could not have redounded much to thine honour) in Praizing thee ſelfe, as *Apuleius* did his *Aſſe*. But I ſmell thy meaning why thou reſerved a *Skirt* of thy ſheet to wrappe up the prailes of theſe Rab-ſhabakathſ in. It is thy ayme, if ever thou creep into practise (as there's very ſmall hope on't) by this poore ſneaking inſinuating way, to make theſe Reverend Benchers ſo much thy friends, as thou maift by their countenance, procure audience and attention to thy *Mariot-motion* : and ſo by the preſent helpe of a ten groats Fee ſatisfie thy *Maw-worme* : having told thy *Tale*, got bread and cheſſe, and come thy way.

But I will ſpend no more time in probing theſe impostorous ulcers. Bray the foole in a morter, he will never be wifer. What a folly were it then to contele, with ſuch a madding Antago-nist !

Since

*Since he who has to deale with dusty fets,
He must be foil'd, whether he win or lose.*

Onely, out of the pity I beare thee, let me advise thee, to di-vorce thee from this foolish Title of BRITANNICUS ; it be-fooles thee above measure, and makes thee as ridiculous, as that Shrewsbury Weaver, who familiarly spoke Non-sense to his Shuttle.

Fawnes thy Stationer, holding such firme relation to Allegi-ance, has vow'd, never to bestow more charge on thy Scribbling, to the value of one reame of paper : And for that ugly speckled Bird, Partridge, He hath freely protested, that he would not be at the charge of publishing it, but for the hate he beares to some particular persons, who inveigh against it.

So as, these Pastent-Papers of thine (for we know well how thou holds in fee of that Saintly Synod) may sleep peaceably with Mayes, and Spungy Sprigs mouldy Chronicles (such spurious sprigs varnish our bloomy May) to the Generall Resurrection : whilst that welsh Stationer of the Rose & Crown finds just cause to complaine with that Pasquill in Castalion. *Ehen ! Multidum libros typis mandare volunt ; Typographi liberos mendicare cogunt.* But his Zeal supercedes his want of Sale. Leave off then betime, lest one Royallist or other to thine utter dishonour bastinado thee out of thine humour.

*Thus from Minerva's Hall to Laverna's Kitching
I leave thee falling, Where thou scap't a switching
For having after Print so mad an itching.*

For I must tell thee, thy sinister mischievous pen oft-times be-gets a Foe where it intends a Friend.

Thy ominous friendly figure-caster, languishing Lilly, whose approaching ruine, (maugre all his Divination) makes him looke like a Ruffeting, being now out of all hope to be sav'd by his Book ; holds himself much agriev'd to be charg'd with a Wench, by his dear BRITANNICUS. This makes him bellow from his Astronomicall Cave.—*Et tu Brute !*— Go to then ; leave betime, lest thou lick o' th' whip. Pin thy self up in thy Spider-woven Study : and if thou finde so much capacity left thee, as to aspire to the Desk of a Puny Clark ; apply thy weak pericra-nium that way : for to use thy owne phrase, thy radicall humeur

for *Minerva* is wholly exhausted in thee. Thou art as seere as a *Skeleton*. How durst thou then so impudently tax our late *M B R C U R I U S*, whose known abilities are not to be measured by thy *Last*, for inventing *Theames*; when they were reall *Speeches*: and transcribed by so sincere an *Amansensis*, as his approved esteeme is spheared above all exception? But me thinkes, in repeating this word *Theame*, thou shouldest remember how Master *Birch* serv'd thee for playing the *Truant*, and pilfring thy *Theame* out of *Apionius*: an Author too pretious to be abused by such a brutish *Britannicus*.

Thou censu'rest him too, like a bold *Bayard*, *For rambling in Poetry, and making an huge sort of Verses in the Baotick dialect;*

* Sirra Blew-boole, Bully Blewcap will go neare to turne your Roundifine into true Blew.

* Sirra Blew-boole, Bully Blewcap will go neare to turne your Roundifine into true Blew.

* Referring to the *Scotch* last incursion: a designe purfued with more hope then successe.

* But you will say, those formidable Forces are dispers'd!

its true; but their dislo all Dukes feign'd restraint, has given frelh

Summons to the *Scots* for a scarfull recruit: having already resolv'd (with the joyn't vote and voice of their *K I R K E*) either to redeeme their indanger'd fame, and revenge the Sale and Slavery used to their Subjects: or to sacrifice their dearest lives in the Quarrell. *L A N C A S H I R E*, Returne a just Accomp't of those Blew-bonner Slaves you have sold: with your severall Rates, Prices and Receipts at that Mart: for it will be expected n your hands. That Anarchiall Councell of Warre may Vote downe Monarchy: and impose a period to a specifi-call *Charles*, but never to a Successive King; A life cannot contract a line: Nor can a Prince unjustly suffer without revenge from his lineall Successour. * Me ming Mayor *Warner*, that magisteriall Monster.

But thou saiest, *Theon* wilt deliver us up to the justice and fury of the Kites (the Parliamenteeres thou meanst) if we continue ibis to speak Truth! Base bug-bear, suggest these affrights to those that fear thee. Our undanted Spirits, as they know how to trample on thy vilany : So they slight the braves of an usurped power : the insults of a disloyall Enemy.

*He who reteins a Loyall heart within him,
Threats cannot fright him, nor allurements win him.
For in that Orbe where Wisdome keepes her Court,
Wise men holds Tyrants fooles, their Censures sport.*

THERE is another walking *Familiar*; a pecking cozening *Gipsey*, a *John of all Trades*, having sojourn'd in as many *Shops*, as ever *Proteus* took upon him *Shapes*, whom I am to have a bout with too. One who can spit poyson in the face of Sovereignty with more facility, than any *Martin* of them all ; be he never so sufficiently qualifi'd in the Notions of Treason and Dish-yalty.

This egregious plush-turn'd Raskall, whose back was not long since beholden to an over-cast *Hounds-ditch* livery : and whose Stomack was usually gorg'd with the fly-blowne reverstions of a *Pye-Corner Pantry* ; is now become one of the *Grandees* of that *King-impeaching Assembly*. This Rogue passeth under two Names : where his *Alias* makes up the latter ; by patching up a sensleſſe * *Anagram* for the firſter. His Character shall render him a discovery. His numerous professions the Badges of his knavery. Shall we then draw up his yearly Compute ? Yes ; and in it finde him thus diſtinguished ; thus dignide.

Know all men by these preſents, that this *Mangy Mungrell* in the year 1641. was a *broken Iron-monger* : from whence collect his *Iron age*. In the year 1642. having found the commodity of *Iron* through want of *credit* to be out of request : and of too hard and rufly a temper to digest ; He became *Petty Stationer*, and ſold ſmall bookeſ, and ballads, winter-tales, Carols, Hookes and Eyes, Clasps and Bosses ; And this was his *Brazen age*.

But deſirous to partake knavery in the highest meaſure ; In the year 1643. intending to play the *Evedropper*, He ſculped in the *Lobby* for Newes ; to ſet his pestilent Forge a work : and in ſhort time grew ſuch a notorious *Stigmatift* that way, as by meaſes of his broaking Agents employed in that current *Mintage*

of State-lies, He became the onely *Classick Author* of the Age : witnesse those many millions of treacherous fictions, and shameless untruths, broached and frontlesly published under his own hand in print.

Neither was this *Horse-leach* thus satisfi'd ; his palpable ignorance must serue it self to an higher degree of impudence : So as in the year 1647. this *Ratle-braine*, who took more of *Rogue* than *Rabby* (this is one of the *Devils tricks*, ever to shame his *Servants* before he leave them) took upon him to write pitifull Funeralt Anagrams in Hebrew : a Tongue that might be rendred in the *Utopian language*, for ought he knew. For this paltry parasiticall Rascall, discovered in them as little *sense*, as he had before shoun truth in his *Pen*, or *sage* in his *Sconce*.

I shall little need to devine what will become of him. All those that know him, are verily perswaded, how that *shread-plus* which he now weares, for all its bravery, must become the Livery of *Tyburnes Gregory*. And that He must at the feet of his *Horse* lie by doome of mortality, as he was permitted to *lie here* by *Mabbots authority*.

T E R E N T.

*Deinceps quiescant porro moneo ; & desinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.*

FINIS.



OLD FATHER LASHER;

In Answer to that Scurrilous Libell,
styled, but mis-called,

The M O D E R A T E.

Scelera Sceleribus sunt tuenda.

WHAT have we here? The *Moderate!* Surely *Cor-*
vinus, thou hast quite forgot thy Name. For if Non enim in Anti-
thesis posuit----
an obsecane Statizing Pamphlet may beare the *MODERATA*
Stile of Moderate: or a sottish sensless Libell
durant.
forced with *Calumny, Treason and Blasphemy*, hold
in that predicament of Quality, the whole world,
Sure, is *Whimzed*: and has sent forth their wits a *wool-gathering*,
without all hope of recovery.

But to follow thee *hot-foot* in thy own *path*; and *trace* thee
in thine own *track*; I mean to take a little *paines* with thee; not
for that I hold thee worthy my labour: but that others, upon thy
discovery, may look on thee, and blesse them from thee, as an
Abject from Grace, and an *Object of Horror*.

To unkennell then this *Mangy Mongrell*; and *uncafe* Him too
if his *Sultry Hide* were worth it: you are to understand that this
Campe-Cataline-Curat, or Pedanticall Pedro, having traversed
all Faiths, and scrud his *Apostacy* to all fashions: this *Protean*
Gypsy, I lay, to foment these Schisms of the time: and repaire
those Seame-rent Schisms of his Breeches: being in his Fig-leafe
habit more like an *Adamite*, then a *Senat Proslite*; chanc't to
fall into an *Anarchicall Society*, wherein after a short time of

Probation, He became the *Chair-man*, and in his *Parean* and unkinging Arguments such a *publack Professor*; as this *Ihsus Christus* was held their onely *Idol* in all the *Synagogue*. After a very little instancy by this *Holy Fraternity*, he was perswaded to deliver his Anarchicall Opinion publickly (as *Jezabel* did out of her *window*)

* Where he no leste locally then doctrinally infused this false Belief in those gadding *Gadarens*, his wandering Congregation; how that *Bell-Alley* was the very place where *Bell* combated with the *Dragon*.

In *Bell's Alley*: Where this * *Satanicall Schismatick* vented such impertinent childish Tautologies: with other Atheisticall stuffe to his *Judaicall Assembly*; As any *Sober judgment* would verily have thought that he had beeene some *Lunaticke*, newly broke out of *Bedlam*: such apparent Symptoms of a phreny did this *Bremo* discover both in Language and action. Now the principall points (and all not worth a point) whereon this *bowling Curre* infested; were in such a levelling way digested: as in processe of time, after sundry long gravellings, He laboured to present these his *Familiars* with a monstrous mis-shapen *Body* without an Head. Telling them plainly (for his *Education* from a *pad-stuffe*, could not promise much Oratory) that as there was no *Smith* in *Israel*, so it stood with the conveniency of a State to have no King in *Israel*. And that He would prove by good authority, that in their first *Institution*, they were accounted as *Ordinary men*, both in respect of their *Antiquity*, *Dignity*, and *Quality*. For said He, what great *Anisquiry* can they prescribe from *Adam*? Do we read that either *Adam* was a King: or his Confort *Eve* a *Queene*? *Digging* and *Delving* was no proper office for a King: neither *Spinning* nor *Weaving* for a *Queene*. Yet was this *Manufactory* and *Manuall Labour* the onely imployment of that absolute *Emperour* and his *Emperesse*. But admit (what is not to be admitted) that this *Onely Man* on Earth enjoy'd the Style of *King*; yet all the World will confess, that He had no great assurance of his *Kingdom*, when the *taste* of an *Aple* drove him out of his *Dominion*. Besides, was *She* worthy to reteine the Style of a *Princesse*, who was deceived so easily by a *Serpent*? Or He worthy to exercise his Commands over men, who was so quickly seduced by a *Woman*?

To the Second point; if you account him so eminent in respect of his *Dignity*; you are wholly mistaken (quoth He) there is no such matter. For look upon the manner of their *Election*; and you will finde in it no such inducement of *titular honour*.

honour. For was not *Darius* that great Persian King ; One who would have valued *Great Britanny* but as a *Mashill*; chosen King from *Neighing* of his *Horse* : and I pray you, did not the Groome of his Stable deserve that Title as well, if not better then He ; when his device was the onely Meanes for his Master to win the prize ? Was not *Gordian* likewise chosen Prince from the *Plowshare* ? And *Probus* taken from Setting of a *Turnop* in his *Garden* to be made *Guardian* over a flourishing State ? Would not these prove brave *compleat Couriers*, when the One was bred a *Gardner* ; the Other a *Carter*? O dainty perfumed Emperours ! With what beseeming State could *Hobnaile* put on a *Royall Roabe* ? Or a *Turnop-setter*, whose onely triumphant Cry was to improve the Sale of his *Carrets*, mount to a *Chaire of State* ?

Thus you see, said He, *Majesty* clouted up in a *Plow share* : and dight up in a *Sallet*.

Now for the last, which is his *Quality*. Have not the *Greatest Kings* been the worst men ? Looke upon that *british Nebuchadonosar* ; and you shall finde him grazing amongst beasts of the field : and he the very worst Beast of all the Herd. Look upon *Pharao* ; and you shall finde Him acting bloody *Nimrod* part, hunting cruelly and craftily after the Children of God. Go to *Herod*, and you shall heare Him exalting himselfe above God. Rich *Ahab* must have poore *Naboths* Vinyard, though he have many of his Owne. *Naboth* must be ston'd, to inlarge his State. Thus many Kings have wholly *wink'd* themselves, by striving to make themselves too absolute Kings. By incroaching upon their Subjects, they have become lower then their Subjects. Base Monopolies, High Impositions, heavy Impots, burthensome Taxes, have made Peeres, Commons, Merchants, Persons of all conditions to become weary of their Yoake : and cast off Loyalty, to redeem their Liberty.

Those *Syracusian Tyrants* made fettters for themselves. Their owne actions begot them factions. They needed no greater Enemies then them selves to depose them. *Phalaris* that cruell Tyrant caused his cunning Enginiere *Perillus* to make him a Bull (nearly resembling our late *Colchester Bull*) purposely to torment Those, whom He hated : but *Perillus* was the very first Patient that was tormented in it.

Nec

Nec est lex justior ullâ

Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

No juster Law on Earth was ever knowne

Then when Deaths-Artists perish by their owne.

A F T E R this manner, would this wandring Gospeller vapour. But this Conventicle Alley grew soon weary of their Lecturer. So as, this Kemiss Kite must be inforced to take upon him some Other vocation: being out of all hope to receive from Bells Alley or any other zealous Corner in all Colemans Street, any more pension. To repaire then his starv'd fortunes, He betakes himselfe to that over-jaded Trade of a Scurrilous Statizing Pamphletter. *A Diurnall dunc;* Styling himselfe THE MODERATE: Impartiallly communicating (if you may believe him) *Martiall Affaires to the KINGDOME of ENGLAND.*

But harken old FATHER LASHER, thou Moderate Goof-cap. Hast thou crept out of thy Schismatycall Tubbe, to play the trecherous Bouby in Print? Canst thou finde no face to cast thy durt (base Kennel-raker) but on the Prince? Must He be thy Subject? lib. i. cap. 24. Yes; for thou justifies thy Plea: and avowchest Him worthy of it. --- Charging him with all the bloud that hath been shed by this Warre in the three Kingdomes: Nay, with a fact of that notorious quality, as the very ancient Ethnicks would not suffer it to be mentioned in their Edicts: nor any punishment to be devised for it; because they held none so unnaturally barbarous as to commit it. Villanous Rabshakeh, doest thou charge Him with the Death of his Father? Was it not sufficient misery for Him to be depos'd of His Sovereignty; deprived of his Liberty; but to have his precious fame stained with this egregious brand of infamy? Impious Impe! How darest thou accule thy Prince? One, to whome Thou owest even thy selfe, of so haynous a Crime as *Patricide?* By whom didst thou ever heare Him Taxed, but by Those whose onely ayme was to innovate and change our forme of Government; nay, utterly to supplant it? These indeed, were those Engineers of the *Independent Faction*, whose Labour it was, (as now it is, by their obstructing our late Treaty; in laying to His charge (grounded upon his own pretended Confession) all the Bloud that has been shed since these Wars begun, through

through this *purple Island*. But reflect, (thou *Monarchicall Moth*) who bestowest thy licentious Lampe in blanching the fame of Princes, and aspersing dishonour upon their actions, whose purity may justly vindicate them from the least tincture of infamy ! May the sovereignty of an absolute Prince, who pursues nothing with more *justifiable fervour*, then preserving his *Prerogative Royall*; (without which, Majestie, be it never so gloriously personated, nor personally accomplished, is but a *naked style*, or *imaginary State*) deservedly receive any such brand ? That wise Politician could have better informed thy rash judgement : and declined thy loose pen from pursuit of so odious an argument ; who delivered this *State-position* as a *Maxim* for Princes to observe, and Subjects to obey : "The Spirit of a Prince, who can dispence with his *Prerogative* : or studies to ingratiate his Subject; below himself, merits not the *style* he bears; nor the Throne whereto he mounts : nor that regall state which he resents. Whatsoever lies before him, is not worthy to be admitted by him, unless his low desires be to lose himself. Yet for all this, must the priviledge of thy licentious pen, made mercenary to relieve thy starved guts with the scattered revenues of a threepenny Ordinary, break forth into this virulent detraction of laying this boundlesse deluge of Civil blood (uncivilly effused) upon the just and legall defence of an authentick *Prerogative*.

What a brain-fick madnesse has surprized thee (Thou senseless stupid stygmatist) that without ground of reason, or least relish of discretion, Thou shouldest run upon so fatall a Rock, so irreparable Precipice, as to become a *Satanicall Satyr*; and in that rough and rigid feature, present thee a Prodigy of Nature; nay, to every loyall eye, that holds Sovereignty a state of conscientious policy, a Monarchicall Meteor or prodigious object of humane horror? *O quam multa opera dum produnt, deplorati Authoris famam produnt!* This may be justly verified in thee (Thou ulcerous Censor of Princes actions;) thy Book cannot possibly save thee, were the *Ordinary*, on whose indulgence thy illiterate sconce so much depends, never so partially cemented, nor by reward personally affianced

Justin. in regim.
Princ.
Lamprid. de
stat. reg.
Platarch.
in Moral.
Cic. de Repub.
Paul. Jovius
de antiqu.
ordine.
Princep.
Cassian. de ad-
ministr. Gent.

Nugantia sunt
Opera, vulgi lu-
dibria, v. m.
vebicularia, ves-
pis velamina,
publicibus pabu-
la, Tinea teg-
mina, Authoris
discrimina,
Temporis di-
spendia.
Lamprid.

to thee. For could either common sense or competent reason speake for thee, by authority were it never such a King-killer, as were must in *Parem* bosome, plead thy Cause, thou mightest breath some small hope of comfort, and though not of release, yet some small reprieve from present suspension: But where none of these will adventure to become *Advocates* for thee, look for no mercy; onely expect a *Nengate* Jury to return their pittilesse verdict upon thee; a *Rhadamanth* within thee to condemn thee: and *Furies* in all seasons, and upon all occasions to torment thee. What will become then of this *Barbarous Bard*, when he shall be caught to sing his incaged note like a *Nengate Bird*, and in resemblance to the *Ofridge*, feed on his *Grate*, with an eager digestion, for want of better provision?

If thou hadst ever read so far (my muddy and moldy-witted *Moderate*) but I fear me thy *Reading* never travelled further then *Riding*, and consequently never arrived at *Corinth*; as to have read those heavy and tragick censures of *Eupolis* and *Aristobulus*; the gravell of their Criticisme would have so grinded thy teeth, as it would have broken thy fangs: and returned thee in no capacity of *biting*: though by a naturall instinct, in a quality of *snarling*. But what discreet brain will set any value of thy invenon'd pen! Though I must ingenuously confess, it is not onely mine, but the fortune of many others encounter with thine exuberant surquedries; for they frequently meet me in my dish; but in whar posture? In the publick service of ushering in of *March-paines*, *Custard-plates*, *Tart-papers*, with other kick-shawes: being proper imployments for such spurious excrements.

But whence comes this frontlesse impudence (my *Moderate* Brain-strap?) From no other source then a confident ignorance. Thou conceitest that the obscurity of thy person, and impertinency of thy pen, will exempt thy buffoun wit from an apparent baffle: and by a continuation of thine uselesse *Dinner-nail*, procure thee by meanes of thy *States-patron* some obscure corner in an Hospital. And this thou hopest to obtaine, when thy aged joyns become seered, thy native faculties enfeebled: and thy lame body, like thy lame fancy, render themselves

Telvcs contemptuously slighted. But let old Father LASH-
ER undeceive thee (my *Moderate Manothreps*) Thou art
lost if thou ground on these deluding ends. Let thy weak-
steered resolution thaw it self into a serious retraction. It is no
error to alter thy course for a better. Since thy obscene pen
has shamed thee ; sheath it, and let silence salve thee. None,
unless he be his own enemy, would publish his own folly.
Let no despicable price proclaim thee a fool in print. And
though thy weak-winged *Genius* cannot soare so high, as to
right so *Majestick* an object as thou haft traduced; yet of a
mis-named *Moderate* become an *immoderate* Penitentiary ; A
recluse thy mansion ; Teares thy Consort ; passionate sighs thy
sole-breathing-accents. And if thy weak estate indanger thee
to starve ; Returne to thy late manuall vocation (putting off
thy former fraud and collusion) and in thy progreſſe ſerve
him, on whose providence ſo long as thou relieſt, Thou canſt
not starve. Recover thy wits, ſo far estranged from thee : and
difown that improper Title of *MODERATE*, which has ſo
grovily abuſed thee.

THE
SENATS ANSWER
TO THE
EARLE of LOWDON:
THE
SCOTCH CHANCELOR

Anno. Dom. 1648.

Sir,



Our polished lines enamelled with much *art*,
and pretending (if we may be confident of
Scotch dialect) to some *truth*; we have
heretofore received, wherein your labour is in
the person of your whole *Council of State*,
to assure us of that unity & affectionate har-
mony, as in one incorporate State, so lately and lovingly es-
tablished betwixt our neighbouring Nations; and how the in-
fluence and continuance of it appears in your *Representative*,
of so pure and refined a quality, as it were peculiar to hold it
capable of any jealousy. But wash off this *Ceruisse*, Mr. *Chancel-*
lor, that we may discover your *Complexion* the better. Can
your plausible Apology, though never so subtilly nor cu-
riously woven, make us believe that you love us, or in our ex-
tremes immutably cleave to us; when apparent arguments
of hostility display your levitie, and proclaim to the wide
world, that the *Wolfe* will sooner lose his *haire* than his *con-*
ditions: and that the *ancient British* Proverb will be ever ver-
ified by you; Constant foes, but inconstant friends: So
constant in inconstancy, as your advantage has ever wonne
ground upon your Allies extremity?

But let us draw the *Curtain*, that we may have a perfect-
er

er view of the *Picture*. You take your level from that pretended *union* so happily established betwixt the two Nations. But how have you for your parts tempered or preserved that *Cement*, which should have strengthned this Juncture? Did your late Invasion by that ever practising but never succeſſive *Hamilton*, manifest your affection to peace, or any symptom of intended Union? Can you under colour of plunder and hostility; pretend a continuance of our dissolved unity?

Yes; you can close the wound smoothly; and palliate your peticious projects with numerous pretents; that his pretitious attempts were both molded &acted without your privity. Take off your vizard; & let us see if your *impudence* can discover it self without a blush. It is true, what we read of *Tiberius*; that he could shrowd his intentions fō the clearest judgments without suspicion, and walk in the Clouds without diſcovery. But this had been a strange impoſture for a strong & potent Army, levyed fō all the quarters of your Kingdom, unless they had been enveloped in *immerian* shades, to have marched so invisibly; nay, and unanimously too, without your joyn't assent, admittance and authority. Yet we must not believe this, your hearts were ever harmoniously united to us. Both in judgment and affection you were wholly Aliens to any ſuch Invasion. And if we may have ſo much faith as to believe you; there is nothing that may hold coniſtence with our safety, which you do not equally ballance as your own ſecurity. What *amicable brothers* you be! who could think how any *Snake* could lyē shrouded under ſuch *green grasse*? And yet there lies hid a *Pad* in the *straw*. Tell us, grave *Chancellor*, did there ever break forth any ſuch sparks of your fervorous zeal to us: or any ſuch flaming desire of being individually united to us, till your forraging Army, either through want of *spirit*, or *discipline*, or both, were by us wholly diſcomfited? During your march, all were hufht: much expected from the ſuccelſe of your invasion: no acknowledgement then intended: nor tender of ſubmiſſion. Did you then think (unboſome your ſelves freely, and for once caſhore hypocriſy) to call for mercy; but rather to expose our States for fuell to your fury? Did not the confidence of an approaching conquest tranſport you; nay:

nay, wholly estrange your affection : and make you forgetfull of our transacted union ? Had your large-spreading Army marched on with successe, and proved as victorious as it was numerous; should we have received from your imperious Commands this peacefull message ? would your *white banner* have been then disployed ? No, Sir ; such faire dealing could not be expected from your hands. It is not to be doubted, but your Nation knows better to make *use* of a *victory*, then how to *get* it. You who professe your selves now (if we were so foolishly credulous as to believe you) our indearead friends ; would have appeared then our implacable foes. A pusillanimous Enemy admits no quarter. You and the inhumane Irish hold concurrency in this : you cannot be secure from fear, till you can play at football with the Head of your foe. But Devine providence timely deluded your expected successe. For what gained you by your confuled march, but *reproach* and *bate* ? Those Northern Parts, through which you ranged and ravaged, had good cause to conjecture, that you came rather to *plunder* then *conquer*. *Mun-Ro* (a man as ignorant in the discipline of Armes as civil carriage, being in the one artlesse, the other savage) became a true stake to our new-established State; when his brutish and intollerable usage made those who should have been his *Affiliants*, his *Assassins*: our pretended foes, our converted friends. This courtesie did that *unciviz*, *Bore* do us, though against his will. Such infinite disadvantage befalls an undisciplined Commander by ruining his own: and inhancing his rifling fortunes with injurious booties. But we must be friends, (so you say;) These invasions must not dissolve nor dis-joynt our affections. A Nationall union has joyned us together : which no fomenters of division should disfever. Hate is not to be engendred upon every light heat.

Fall from that accompt, good *Chancellor*; hostile invasions are not so to be misased. Though remissesse of Spirit in the pursuit of your design, caused you to faint in your fight ; the impoverished North groaned under the insupportable burden of your insolence : finding no *Salve* to cure their *Sore* but a coactive patience. Now, your *Casuists* will tell you, that the
offence

offence cannot be remitted, till Satisfaction be rendred. Open your Exchequer; that must prepare the Plaster. They who invade anothers interest, harping after nothing more eagerly, then how to prey upon others, deservedly become a prey unto others.

Though you hold your Stool of Repentance for some transgressions a sufficient Penance; yet where actuall or personall injuries are so licentiously acted, Offences so highly qualified, are to be more strictly weighed; and shar, ly schooled. All your extorted store will scarcely recompence our injured Stats.

But you will object, and cloath your countenance in a Cloud, as if the dayes of your plunder (your onely year of Jubilee were expired) that you are for the present become out Tributaries, may constant Almoners to our Souldiery: in your quartering and high Assesses to our Garisons now residing with you. Tis true; but whence ariseth this hospitable inttaine? Is it not an *Affesse*, rather then a *Benevolence*? Our morall Philosophers, who knew best how to define true Liberality; will informe your knowledge sufficiently in this point. These will tell you, that a *coasted Bounty* is a *palliated Parcimony*. What a stronger hand then your own will not suffer you to enjoy, that you seem willing to forgo; but our Nation, to whose favour you thus insinuate, expects a more satisfactory Oblation. In your late assistance, which merits not the style but shadow of an *Association*, your *valour* was oft ingaged and brought to stake, but never came off with honour. Some indeed of your Country-carcases lay scattered under the walls at Hereford. Whose Deaths gave greater testimonies of their valour then their Lives: being onely used as *dead Marks* to shoot at, without resistance. You were still rather upon the taking then fighting hand. The estates and livelyhoods of our distressed Country exhausted by the fury of civill warrs and domestick hostility, became your injurious merchandize and extorted booty. Which you on your founded Sumpters daily exported to your sordid and disfurnished Lithstows, without ever doing any action of importance in our service. Though we have heard one of your Country Commanders, after your native

native factious way, answer a qualified Souldier of ours, twisting him in saying: *All their valour consisted in number.* O, replied he, *if we be so terrible in the appearance of our number, what shall we be, when we discover our valour?* But the Cure had been worse then the Disease, if our late and long dispute had continued, till your personall prowesse had determined it. Your old Generall, now a *Blind Guide*, and deserted of his own; after his *Sweden* tame, amply gratified by his pension in *Pomerania*, eclipsed much of his glory, in his too much speed at *Hay-ham Moor*; where he was better known to his *feare* then unexpected *fortune*: making his issue with such winged speed through his Army, as it would not suffer him to stay the time of being a witness to the issue or close of the victory. Yet in this Conquest atchieved by *our hands*, it was wonderfull to observe, how your frontlesse *puffallanimity* could put up on it the countenance of Sovereignty! For how often have we been advertised of your unsufferable boldnes in dating your usurping Letters, from our Towns of *Northallerton*, *Thirske*, and *Darlington* in *Scotland*, with other places of confluence in our Northern parts: as if you had wholly subdued these to inlarge the boundiers and revenues of your penurious State, without relation to our benefit, but highly to the derogation of our honour.

And in these your braving and insupportable insolencies, we fo-beate to remount those inhumane cruelties perpetrated by you; in the view whereof even the blood of Savages would curdle: and resolve hearts wholly composed of marble into teares; being writ in characters, of so deep a dy, as no revolution of time can raze them. Sad spectacles! To see aged persons, who had one foot in the Grave, and whose mellow and mature yeares might have begot in your inhumane assassins a venerable awe and reverence, imbathed and imbrued in their own blood; for labouring with their decayed and decreit strength to preserve the conjugall honour of their infirme Daughters. Rapes, rapine and murther frequently committed, and with impunity transmitted!

But our Brotherhood, pretended alliance and association might seem to apply *Salves* to these *Sores*; we never called you

you to account for them : the more is our account.

But to omit these ; for long since were they cancelled out of your memory ; like a *Stage-tragedy*, no sooner presented, and the Curtain drawn, then with an act of Oblivion closed ; your desire holds still to be at one with us ; though there be no union among your selves. Which makes us partly believe that you are lineally defoended from some of those ancient *Britaines*, (as your Nation pretends) who whensoever they were ingaged or indangered by their invasive Enemy, fled for refuge to the *Romans* ; not so much for any expresse of loyalty, as for their own security. In a word, if you mean to shake hands with us ; you must first shake off your old haire. *Whitened walls and painted Sepulchers* are more suitable Emblems for your *Presbyterian Principles*, then for the late *Instauration* of our *Democraticall Government*. Your inconsistency to Tenets of peace ; and inconcurrancy to truth, have made us your Aliens : though we dare trust you, so long as you be *Visible Objects* ; in our sight, but no further.

We shall be content to accompt you *Subjects*: but by a disproportionate union, to draw in one yoke with you, were to advance you to an immerited liberty : and by that meanes bring us to incurre an imperious slavery : Nay, by our weakness to enable an Enemy ; who now wants sinewes to act his fury. This might detract more from our discretion, then the fame which the continued successe of our actions has won us , would in an *Iliad* of ages repair.

SIR, you may spare your pen, where there is no probability to prevale. Onely let us tell you : That your conquered Nation may hold it for a *Trophee of Honour*; when an *English Victor* enjoyns you to suffer.

A
FUNERALL ORATION;
as it was delivered at
D A R B Y - H O U S E :

The 6. of Feb. 1648.



Ehold my Beloved ! We are come hither to an Houle of Mourning ! And we are to rejoice in it ; for it is better to come to the *House of Mourning* then *Rejoycing*. Surely the mournfull condition of this late-Metamorphosed House must needs confirm it. O vanity of vanities ! *DARBY-HOUSE* dissolved ! That *Corbona* ! that *Tagus* ! that *Pactolus* ! nay, that *Indian Inne* of *Albion* blown up in a moment ! Wo is me for thee, thou headlesse Capitol !

But in the recollection of our sorrowes, it will become me, whom *Authority* hath injoyed to this *sad Task*, to reduce these *Iliads* of grieves into *Order*, which mount to that heighth, as they will neither admit of measure nor number : unlesse with those, who have suffered so much by them, as they can forbear to suffer with them : or sacrifice one poor teate of pious compassion fo: them.

Give me leave then to present this late *Grand Modell* or *Master-piece of State* in the form of a Naked Body, but no Breathing Feature : Onely a vapour ; an indigested Bulke without Symmetriall Contexture, or Organicall Proportion : a vessell of dust ; a Pile of dissolution. Draw near then, ye amaz'd Spectators, and in this grave, but now Grave-approaching *Patriot*, whom we here personally present : Behold a Spectacle of Mortality ; a President of Mutability ! See how the

Gold

Gold has lost his *Colour*; how this deceased *Party*, that lies here before you, has lost both *fame* and *honour*! How clear a *yesterday* lookt upon it: and with what a lowring brow does this day welcome it? It cannot be lesse then well known to you, *Judicious Auditors*; how singularly this Mournfull Memoriall was indowed: with what abilities compleated; being the onely select one cull'd from *Apollo's Senat*, to beget a fevish and awfull reverence in his retainers.

Shall we dissect him, and eye his Materialls? Wipe your eyes first, that such a sense-seazing *Skeleton* turn you not all to *Niobees*.

Philosophy tells you, that Man consists of three parts: and bestows his faculties wholly upon them. The *Irascible*, *Cupisibile* and *Intelligible*. Now survey the late abilities of this *Breathlesse Object* in every of these: and the apprehension of them will leave you in astonishment.

For the *Irascible*; he scorned to recall to mind that lesson which that absolute Philosopher left with his Emperour: "To repeat the four and twenty Greek Letters in his anger, before he proceeded to any censure. Or to follow the example of *Archytas*; "Who would not correct his hind, because he was angry with him. No; this *brave Spirit* was more sensible of a wrong: and more speedy in his revenge. He would strike while the Iron was hot: He was but a word and a blow.

He held it a dishonour to him, to expostulate the cause with a supposed Malignant: Report was sufficient to make him *one*, without further evidence to evince him.

Believe it, my Beloved, so strong was this grave Segniour in passion; so free in his exhibition: as he with the rest of his worthy *Rhadamanths*, have sent more *Presents* from hence to *Peter house*, in one day: then they did in Almes or *Peter-pence* all their time. It has been observed, that the onely *Aire* which this reverend Censor used to breath, was—*Secure him, Secure him*. Which was ever done to purpose: for those that went in, found the Lions Cave to be there: —*vestigia nulla retrorsum*.

I have many times heard Him maintain it (to the gallantry

The sole ends
of a politick
Stat^t.

Timely pre-
vention is the
life of policy :
and in this
President the
ruine of a
Monarchy.

of his Spirit be it spoken) that it was one of his Ambitions to learn perfectly the *Art of Memory*; to the end he might receive a sense of his *Injuries* the better. And that it was never his desire to be employed in behalfe of the *Publick*, but for private ends and secret revenge. Which could never be more nimblly effected, nor colourably pursued, than while our *Waters* were troubled: and our *State* distract^d. He alwaies held it convenient in his object of revenge, to begin with the *Cedar* first. *Eagles* catch no *Flies*. This he confessed a few daies before he departed this life, to be be his *Master-piece* in the dispatch of *STRAFFORD*: whom, if by the singular industry and dexterity of his *Nimble Diddappers*, whom he employed as *Active Instruments* for that design; he had not timely lopp'd; the aimes of his *Senat* had not been onely prevented; and their main project diverted: But he with all such as adheared to him, had been catcht in *STRAFFORDS Gyn*: and foold themselves, before ever they had brought him to the Bay.

One *Encopius* drawing near his Bed-side a very small time before his death; seriously demanded of him, what his reason might be, under such faire plausive pretences so to imbroile a peaceful State: and instead of plenty, peace and prosperity, by his seditious complices, to bring in scarcity, ruine and misery into this Kingdom? His answer was; As all *Creatures* feed not on *clean meass*: Nor all *Fishes* delight in *Clear waters*: So neither did it agree with all *humours* to hold peaceable times their onely Jubilee. Peace, I confessie (said he) may be lightly conducing to the benefit of such *MERCHANTS*; whose improvement draws its life and spirit from *Traffick*: As all other *ARTISTS* by *Manufactory* or other *Mysteries*: but Some we have who *Margites*—like can neither digge, delve, nor raise them a subsistence by any *legall* or *peacefull* endeavour: and must these *Lobsters* perish? No; Some are naturally bred for *Arts*; Some for *Arms*. *Arts* had their proper *vocations* before; Let *Arms* supply their place now. Those that know neither how to beg nor work; by an especiall Committee of *Examinators*, we have given them free scope to take that course as may inforce such as cannot work, to beg relief from their hands, who make it their

their vocation to practise plunder : and in the pursuit of it, accompt it their absolute honour.

During the time of his *visitacion*; which was not very long: for he was taken with such a violent pestilential *Fever*, as through want of sleep with other occasionall distempers arising from the intemperate heat of his brain, He became diverse times wonderfully distract, and in the end mortally surprised ; yet in his *Intervalls*, he was one evening by a serious and grave Royallist, who in regard of his near relation to him, oftentimes visited him, asked these three questions.

The first, how he with the rest of his prudent and reverend Synod, could digest such an apparent affront, as to endure some of their *principall Members* to be so injuriously rent and pulled from them ; as if the whole Power or Prerogative of their House were to render up their ancient pretended Priviledges to the power of the Sword ?

O, said he ; heave but my head a little higher upon my Pillow, and I shall answer you. These whom you call *principall Members* ; were permitted to be removed from us, not to prejudice us, but improve us. They were known to be strong *presbyteriall Opinionists* ; such, as held an Article of Faith to stand to their *first Principles*: which, as we rightly apprehended, would prove inconsistent to our *Priviledges*. We might discover a *Stronger Party* interposing. Though we had many votes in the House : yet the *Army* had ever the *casting Voice*.

For my part, my Conscience was not so straitly laced, nor most of my *zealone Brethren* neither (though the Army disfide us, nay defide us, and in our *Connivence* slight us) but we could give way to Power : and dispence with our own *Tenets* to procure our selves peace : so cautious were we of preserving the propriety of our estate, and priority of our place.

But whence was it, replied this *Visitant* ; that after you had given them this repulse, you should vote them so gracefull a returne?

O, said this deceased Senatour ; this was not intended to cherish but to chaffise them. In our receiving them, we referred them for Sacrifices to the *Army* ; to practise on them what pleased them best, whether it were cruelty or mercy.

An excellent provision for lame Soldiers; and sturdy Beggers.

B.

A rare Empirical Receipt ; whose ingredients consist more of policy than piety.

Our

Our onely policy was to approve acts of Hostility : being done by the stronger Party.

That Tiberian
Duke, inve-
lop't his
Counells in a
cloud, till his
cloudy designs
clothed with
Ambition, ha-
led him to the
Block.

2.
You plaid your Cards wisely (said the Visitant :) but I wonder how your *Wisdoms* will be able to answer those main and many Objections pressed against you, by that great discomfited and now captivated Duke, touching your late invitation of him and his numerous fugitive forces in this Kingdom !

Nothing more easily, replied this our departed Brother ; may not we with as much confidence avouch that some of our grave well-monied Cittizens were their onely inviters ; and that for our selves, we were never so much as made acquainted with their designes till the Duke with his Army was defeated ; may not we, I say, with as much boldnesse and as little truth, maintain this ; as *Monsieur London* their reverend Chancelour, in the representative Body of his credible Nation, protested, purposelly to ingratiate them with our awefull Senate : and by this pretenſive defence of their suspected innocence, to reunite them to their amity and correspondence ?

3.
Chaste Diana's phrey so much, as to make him now in his old dayes the Keeper of an Ordinary : or Commissary to a three penny Hostry ; a Turn-sit to the Souldry : or to reduce *Pauls* Sanctuary to a filfring Scullery.

So might we, replied this bemoaned Party, have brought an old house over our eares. The tongue is but a weak Engine against force. Whom had we to fide with us for our security, if our indiscreet votes should have opposed the Army ? you must know, Sir, it fares with us as with a splitted Ship , or a ruinous Pile : when the House falls to decay, the Rats run away.

Besides, our just revenge upon those *white-liver'd* *Citizens*, (who, so they may sit quietly to hatch their own eggs, care

not much though other nests be rifled) Or as in a thunder; where every one prayes the thunderbolt may not fall upon his own house, and very little regards the danger of his neighbour. So a sprig of *Lawrell* may secure him; he refts secure of others ruine.

For their *daring Petitions* so often presented to us ; but with such *easie thanks* slighted by us : that, albeit we commended their care and zeal for the publick peace, yet we carried still a *Stone* in our *Bosom*, which we intended to throw whensover opportunity should give way. That Spirit suits not well with the constitution of this time ; that entertains remorse, where he may encounter his foe with a suitable revenge.

Thus far have we presented to you in this Spectacle of Mortality, how this breathlesse relique of State, stood affected touching the *Irascible Part* : will you heare his own confession for the *Concupiscale* ?

He acknowledged freely in the presence of sundry eminent persons ; but never till our Physitians had given him over: that since the very first time that he was made a *M. of the House*; he found his mind much distempered with an *Hydropick humour*. The more he got; the more he sought. His *thirst* was never to be quenched, no, though his steeming *Lungs* were the *Sponges* of the State; & shared sufficiently with the *Committee* of every *Country*: yet were all these *In-comes* but empty Purveiers to my hungry desires. For though my Nest were freely feathered at home: my Hutch richly stored abrode : I was ever angling after the fat fortunes of some pretended *Malignant* : hugging that *prudential Ordinance*, by vertue whereof a *cram'd Estate* impowered a *Committee* to make a *Delinquent*. Hence it was, that being fortified by *Council at home*, and *Forces abroade*: we found it an easie matter to make *Loyalty* a *Crime*: and vote all such as adhered to their *P.* by a Legislative Power, *Egregious Traitors*.

Now to the third ; if you who be here present, and see me drawing near the *shore*, desire to know how I since my first calling up to be a *Senatour*, employed my *Intelligible Part* : *WALSINGAM* in his time was never more sollicitous after *Intelligence*. I understood well how *France* begun to follow our foot-stepps : Sovereignty became unto them an insupportable yoke of slavery. The Turkish Commony : Especially

Especially with the mutinous Janizary, with whom ever since these *State-distractions*, we have kept a firme and constant correspondency. (for we had the knack of fingering the strings of *Infidels* for the better tuning of our own *Instruments*) approved and applauded our super-regulating and regulizing Authority.

This infinitely joyed me : not doubting, bur within short time (at least in their next Turkish Jubilee) to be enrowled *Saintly Musilmen*, in their *Alcoran*.

More Mour-
ners over him,
then for him.

Thus have you heard, my dear Auditors, the life and death of this *grand Areopagite*. The grounds of his rising ; the occasion of his falling. Yet though this funerall Room be sabled : never was Hearle accompanied with more State, nor attended with fewer tears.

Dry eyes every where usher in the Obsequies of this Senate. Such is the fate of those who violate their faith.

The Senate-doors are shut : those Doers in the Senate utterly shamed : heere a *Duke* degraded : a *Pretorian Train* disgraced : a *faithlesse Synod* dissolved : an *endlesse Triennall* adjourned : and a *distracted State* recovered ; if a *New State* by a late-introduced Anarchy doe not dis-compose it.

An-



ANIMADVERSIONS UPON THE FOURTH SECTION.



Ince the penning and publishing of that fourth Section, intituled *PEMBROOKS PLEA*; the Person, to whom it had its addresse and relation, changed his life: and for a *worse*, say some *uncharitable Censors*; who in the draught of his *Will*, like *Commentors* full fraughted with *Lucians invention*, stick not to present him acting the part of a *Mad Lord* at his death; as he had formerly done of a *Weake one*, all his life.

Truth is, to defend the weaknesse of most of our Lords as well as his; were a work of such difficulty: and to most of our *loyall palats* so dis-relishing; as it would appeare a *Paradox* rather then an *Apology*.

But if this *Lords* capacity were in the lowest Siege, (as is already granted;) how deservingly are those *Grandees* to be condemned, who being held deep *Machiavels*, have fooled themselves out of their wits: and recorded their *unthriving Projects in living Annals of Idiotisme* to all generations?

Much could I say, and more then some would have me say: but I will be spare, for I know our *Cousul-kites* have *Eaves-droppers* in every corner: So jealous be these *Alteons* of their own interets: Only, let me say, what the whole world will make good: That never such a *Trienniall of State-gallery* has been presented, since those *Goostlings* kept *Centinall* in the *Capitol*.—O what hacking and hewyng has our *Whimzed State* made for *Senatours*; when they must be reezed out of *Saw-pits*?—O *Trephonius Cave*, what a fit *rechuse* hadst thou been; for these *Spirits* in the *Vault*, to act their *Pagan Pageants* in!

*Tale opus si quis
ederet, sine
ausa Lettor
non digereret.
Laert.*

yet who sees not, but any one might draw as much proving policy out of *Anacharses* Morter, as *SAYS* Synodicall Arbour: though in the *Infantry* of our *State-Lunacy*, That was held the onely Jewish Sanhedrim for debate: or rather that *Chymicall Crucible*; which out of its Calm Principles could resolve an *Episcopall Mitre* into a *Presbyteriall Cypher*: A *Monarchicall Scepter* into a *Democratricall Centre*. But these, like the *Amalga*, had more *Moon* then *Sun* in them. For what have our *Bedlamites* got by their lame plots?

Have they not (with their breach of faith to boot) disfised themselves and their Heirs for ever: and like *desperate Adverstors*, imbarqued the remainder of their forlorne fortunes, in the *Ship of fooles*, with their *Tolosan Treasure* sent over before them; which in all mens judgements, shall never meet them? And were not these *Wife Shallops*, to strip themselves both of wit and wealth at an instant? —well, I shall ever commend that true Neapolitan, *HARRY MARTIN*: who, though he sometimes plaid the frontlesse noddy; yet he loved to have some *sport* for his money.

Condemne him not for degenerating from that *feastred Martin*, from whom he took his name. That Bird ever took content in a *clean nest*: whereas pragmaticall *Harry* never stood much either upon *near lodging*, or *clean linnen*: so his dainty mercenary *Dabrides* were free in her *quartering*.

Admit his late *Suburban practise* has made him as brittle as a *Raddish*; he stood as long, and shake as much in defence of the *Cause*; as his decayed *Calves* would give him leave; or the *imposthumed palate* of his mouth, permit him to prate.

Thus you heare how this *Sprightly Member* was payed home for his *labour*. But for an Herd of seditious Stoicall *Asses* to ruine themselves; by suffering their foes to jade them; and undermine their *States* by their own *Stratagems*: *Heracitus* would scarce find lungs enough to laugh at such *dottrells*. For can we find any man so wise through our whole Island, that may unwarpe their designes: or in the discovery of them (if they be so quick-sighted or ripe-sentent as to retreve the *game*) shall not observe their mis-guided flight dis-advantageous to themselves: and like ill *ground-givers*, in directing their

A knot of
State-Maw-
worms sprung
from the cor-
ruption of a
distemper'd
Body.

their *Gamesters* for setting their *Horses* over the wrong way?

Now, these *Sage-Sonkers*, who were ever accounted notable *State-pyones*, have generally scaped the lash ; while those of the younger fry, and weaker wing, being scarcely pen-faubred in actions of treason ; must be stript, whipt, disgraced and expoed for Buffouns to the eye of the world.

It has been the unhappinesse of many eminent persons, (neither hath it balked this traduced *Lord*) to have suffered in their fames, by the unthankfull censures of such, who had received their subsistence and supportance from them ; even their own *Domesticks* : as might be instanced in his Countesse Coachman. Who carrying his Lady in her Coach to Church upon a tempestuous day, during her reside at *Apleby* in the North : her gromme, more tender, it seemes, of his Horses harme then his Lords honour ; caused a sheet to be thrown over them, to keep them from cold : but the tempest increasing, grew so fierce and furious, as it took the Cloath quite from the Horses : & hoising it up into the aire, suddenly vanished so strangely, as it could not be found. This jeering Coachman, having diligently inquired after it, but could not find it ; made himself merry in his pots, in this manner : “ I know not, to dye for’t, how the devil has plundered it : nor what way it is gone : unlessle my Lord (*being then lately dead*) wanted a windingsheet at his death : and it is flown Southward, to present his *Hon.* with an office of charity. Was not this egregious and unsufferable impudence from a *mercenary Horse-fly* ?

Alas, poor *Pembrook* ! Thou couldst not crop one *May-bud*, but thou must be taxed for freedom of sense : and yet they tax thee for want of sense. Thou hadst not the art to disguise treason : nor to pretend welfare to the State : nor liberty of Subject : nor pacifiate thy dis-allegiance with plausible pretences of a new face and forme of government. No ; if thy zeal to thy Prince (to whom I must confess thou oughtst thy self) were foreflowed ; thy revenues were the remora’s, and no other treacherous aimes, as thou many times freely acknowledged. O then, let me conclude for thee : *O quam multi fali- ciiores fuissent, si minus possedissent !*

The world has deluded many : which imposture in most mens judgments, held no Analogy with thy bounty. But to preſeſt this argument a little further, thy *Favorites*, ſay ; Thou couldſt not maintain the One without the Other.

Admit him a *perſon of Pleaſure*, a *Court-Sycamour* ; more for *shade then uſe* ; Take your Survey further , and you may finde ſome of our *Rab-hakah Rabbies* good for neither : Aſſaſins more ready to deſtroy, then to build : to pull-up, then to plant.

As treason e-
ver had Ince-
diaries to fo-
ment it : So
aſſiſting fi-
nues to ſup-
port it.

It were to be wiſhed, (if ſo much charity might be hoped for) that his failings in *allegeaunce* might be imputed to his *weakneſſe*. No Trees can be without their Shadows : and that our *State-projectors* made uſe of his umbrage ; there is none, being acquainted with their proceedings and purſuit of aſſiſtance, but will admit it. This is the onely *Plea* that can be made for him : if the world have ſo much charity in store to afford him.

CASTLES

CASTLES CATASTROPHE:

OR GARRISONS GAOLE-DELIVERY.

Down with *BABEL*.

Reliquis bell's o' civilis fungimur. — }
Pennigeris facimus Nidi: — }



Owne with those *aged Piles*; whose ashes
may
Repair our ruines by their just decay :
And in their *fairlesse breasts* retaine
those *Scars*.
Inflicted on them by our *civill wars*.
Down with those *mouixing Spires* of
Babylon;

„ England has lost the Style of *Albion*.
Down with those *Forts*, those *Garrisons of State*,
That to our *civill Furies* gave receipt ;
Silenus arched Grates, *Triphonius* Caves,
Procrustes Cittadells, where forlorne Slaves
Hatch'd their seditious brood. — Let not a Stone
Witnessse to after-times what has been done.

Here's work for *Lovellers* ! *Diggers* retire,
Your *delving* earns you nothing; here is hire,
With ruine to those *Dens* that lodg'd your foes :
You see, my boyes, what way the world goes.
And I could wish, my Lads, with all my heart,
Cinque Ports were shut up too, that none might start
From our *Antycira*, this hatefull Isle
Deep-dy'd in bloud, and varnished with guile ;
Till some for th' service they have done our King,
Be sent to Heav'n for *Presents* in a string.

Thus

Castles Catastrophe, or

—Thus Children sacro their Parents, and contemne
 Those ~~Sympathies~~ Works which were contriv'd by them.
 A gracious prudent Age, when Sons appeare
 More politick then their Fore-fathers were.
 They rear, We faze ; They build, and we pull down ;
 They crown a King, and we unking a Crown.
 —But to those ruin'd Castles let's returne,
 And close their Ashes in Oblivions arme.
 When I by fatall Pomfret came, and found
 Those stately Structures levell'd with the ground,
 With that ensable Room, (where RICHARD's s'd
 By thirsty Blood-hounds to be massacred,)
 Resolv'd to mouldred ashes, I drew near,
 Sending a Sigh fore-runner to a tear ;
 And I appli'd it thus : If furies wing
 Fledg'd such revenge for murder of a King,
 What heavy vengeance may we thinke will fall
 Upon those Consuls of the Capitoll ;
 Whose onely Councell has for eight years been
 Their Priaces and his Off-spring's taming ;
 Both Root and Branch : and with a long debate
 To stripp a King, and starve a phreinick State :
 Expunge the name of STUART and his race,
 To do their Office in a meane place !

Rufus affirm'd, Westm'ster was so small,
 It seem'd a Parlour rather then an Hall
 To entertain a Prince : — Sure, liv'd he now
 He'd hold his Hall too short and narrow too
 For such a Shambles as Rebellion's hand
 Has acted on the Subiects of our Land.
 So as should we fresh Martyrologies write,
 And make our Scene Westm'ster, twould affright
 Uninteressed hearts, and with a teare
 Inscribe this Mott — *Aeccliam stands here.*
 — And yet these Books forne projects have intended,
 Which at first sight deserve to be commended.
 What gorgeous Stables have they rear'd of late
 To beautify the ruines of a State !

Great Mogul's Stables came far short of these

For Ordure and Equestrian rarities,

The Church(Camp-like) for dist^r line may vaunt
Ne're any one more truly militant.

Duke Humphrey too with his late-hunge'd Guests,
May now invite whole Legions to their feasts :

So as those starved Greeks that u'd to stand
For a receipt of Almes at our hand,

Want now a Marble Pillar for a stay :

Bob-tail and Cropeare have more room then they.

" No Annals nor Records since Jefferes time

" Can shew Cribbs, Racks nor Mangers more divine.

So as, though Forts and Garrisons appears

Impal'd with ashes, and imbath'd in teares,

Our Stables are so stabb'd, as no Nation

Affum'd such strength on such a strange foundation.

I would advise you then to be content,

Ye braving Towers late from your Ground-work rent ;

Since sacred Phanes and Temples in your view

Are raz'd, defac'd and splitt as well as you.

This may be here presented as we passe

Ith'fractures of our Statues and our glass.

No ; ancient Housles of their Armes are reft,

An Omen that our Gemry should be left

To a Plebeian Power : which were unmeet

That Bodies should be guided by the Feet :

Which cloleth with our Capitols consent ;

But just is Heav'n such Furies to prevent :

And to convert our purple Tragedy

To Comick Scenes.— Thrice blest Catastrope !

— But lets look back, and take a serious view

Of hazards past and those that may ensue.

— Is not this strange, such actions should be done

By any Kilderkin of Huntington ?

Is Barne so full of Spirit? Yes, I've heard

That He ere long would pull Great Turk by th' Beard ;

Recover Palestina with his men,

Translate th' Metropolis to Hierusalem ;

Posseſſe

Castles Catastrophe,

72

Possesse him of his *Throne* : and with his sight
Put all his *Janizaries* to that affright,
As they should have more reason to complain
Of General *Cromwell* then of *Tamberlain*.
Ha's vow'd besides, his *Officers* shall be
Such sharers in a Turkish Emperie,
As like brave *Egicurians* they shall feast
And be invested petty *Kings* at least.
Their *Sanhedrin* and Councell of Estate
Should guided be as *Englands* was of late ;
And by same *Principles* which they held here,
If our *grand Sophies* knew but what they were.

Admire this, *State-Usurpers* ! Do but eye
This *Corkie Bottle* how it mounts on high
And foams with fury ! — Eye this *English Jew*
What Plots he brews with his rebellious crue !
How *Molehills* or'peert *Mountains* ! Envious *Brakes*
Incroach on *Cedars*, and their *Stations* takes !
To see a Ship steer'd by a prosperous gale
And suddenly retarded by a *Whale*.
Or fish of some vast bulk, were such a thing
As this revulse deserv'd no marvelling :
But for a *Remora* to stay her course,
Her gallant Port can brook no *Pirate* worse.
Reflect on this : — Where is he would have thought
That to a State such ruine should be brought
By a meer barmy Beetle ! Or that he
Should raze the title of a *Monarchy*,
Supplant Religion, pull our Temples down,
And make a Subject, Rebell to a Crown !

Prodigious valour ! *Bruce* falls asleep
VVhen he should play the *Guardian* and keep
His Country from such *Tyrants*. — So sleep still
Till these *Horse-leaches* fate their boundlesse fill
VVith civil gore : and like *Cyrcean Elves*
Close up their Chaps with feeding on themselves,

England is full of blood, though much be spilt,
And by *Phlebotomy* must purge her guilt.

The

The way for to secure a State from stain
Is by an artfull-hand to breath a vein :
Not that *Basilica vena* lately toucht,
Strain'd from a *Stemme* perfidiously bouth :
Peruse our antient Stories ore and ore
“ The like State-cure was never known before.
States are like Trees ; the *Bole* must needs decay
When th' *Top-branch*'s lopt too near, or cut away.

L

Three

Three S T A T E - T A R R I E R S
 Coupled up with three
 T A R T - S A T Y R S.

*Vix Orien tales produxit in orbem trioner.
 Novimus hisce pares?*

A P R E S B Y T E R I A N

HS a pretender to a madding zeal
 That makes a *Bedlam* of our Common-weal,
 A Plague to Pictures, Ceremonies, rites,
 Fonts, Organs, Surplice, consecrated Lights,
 State-Symonist, who reckons it no sin
 Through th' *breaches* of a *Window* to get in
 As well as by the *Door* : — one, who can gather
 No fruit nor profit from an ancient father :
 Holding 't a speciall A&t of Reformation
 I'th' Church, to preach without due preparation,
 Collects, Hymns, Anthems must be laid aside,
 No wedding Ring admitted to a Bride.
 No Christian Buriall, nor no Funerall Rite,
 But throw him in a hole, and so good night.
 A grand Assembly-man, to root out Schisme,
 And in eight yeares squeeze out a catechisme
 Not worth gerufall : though some *Donns* there be
 Who hold it orthodox Divinity ;
 The forme of pure-elixir'd discipline,
 Such as our Is'e ne're *purchaf'd* fore this time.
 A precious *Pur chafe* ! when our haplesse Nation
 Must be inform'd by *blind* illumination.
 When Enemies to th' Crosse command us stay,
 " Take up no crosse, but turne an other way.
 When Temples must be *Denns* to harbour *Thieves*,
 And rapine takes what *morall Justice* leaves.

VWhen

A Presbyterian.

When *Houses* dedicate to *God*, are made
 Fo. *Groomes* o'th' *Stable*, or a worser trade.
 When *Pastors* hold't sufficient to keep
 The *Fold* for profit, and devour their *sheep*.
 When that blest *seamoleffe Coat* the badge of *peace*
 Must be cut out in shreadz of heresies ;
 So as if *He* who ow'd that *Coat* should come
He would disclaim it wholly for his own.
 What has this *Reformation*, pray thee say,
 Improv'd our Church or Nation any way ?
 How has it made our channells flow with blood ?
 How has it w th our *trade* or *traffick* stood ?
 In the *Lords Field* what *darnell* has it fown ?
 What s; awne of *Seeds* and *Schisimes* in every *Town*?
 What acts of horrid treason has it wrought ?
 To what a Sea of blood is *Albion* brought ?
 What bonds of *peace* remaine inviolate ?
 What staine untouched that might impeach a State ?
 Are we not made a *Spectacle* to those,
 Who were so meane, we scorn'd to call them *foes* ?
 —Deluded State, what cau'd thee to bring in:
 This *Presbyterian*, this man of *Sin* !
 Bred to our ruine ! to *division* sold !
 And unresolv'd what *Principles* to hold ?
 O rich religious *Mintage* ! could no *Sun*
 Clear our *dark Phanes* but that of *Calidon* ?
 Had our two *Nursing Mothers* lost their eyes,
 And to be cur'd by such *Cantarides* ?
 Should these who were scarce *Academian*,
 Inspir'd (ragg'd colts) by *Knox* or *Buchanan*
 Oretop our *Predeaux*, one profounder far
 Then a whole Colledge of *Scotab Doctors* are ?
 Shall these *incivile Formalists* propose
 Canons or Constitutions unto those,
 Who both for *life* and *learning* far exceed
 The greatest *Rabbies* evet crost the *Tweed* ?
 I muse their *Preachers*, being hither sent
 Bad them not keep the *Commandement* :

A Presbyterian.

But such a Law their flock would ne're live under
 That took them from their trade, the use of plunder.
 Poor stupid Sots ! where ly'e our English braines,
 Must we exchange our liberty for chaines ?
 Must we needs fly from fire into the flame,
 And close our Action with a Scene of shame ?
 That lawlesse time of rude *Domitian*
 Had suited with our *Presbyterian* :
 When a *Proscription* was to learning given,
 And from the boundiers of his Empire driven ;
 No man advanc'd to offices of state
 But onely such as were illiterate.

The parallel is yours : who with a style
 Of gulid zeal have made a Stale o'th I'le
Cimerian Revellers ; whose onely dance
 Meetes in a Maze, or Net of ignorance ;
 So you may take your tithe of mint and *Cummin*,
 You little care for *Urim* or for *Thummim* ;
 Meer antiquated words : Pulpits are made
 For a Mechanick and a Manuall trade :
 When if mad zeal his *Cushion* roundly beat,
 He's one, no doubt, sat at *Gamaliel's* feet :
 When he no Education had at all
 But from the Topicks of a Coblers stall.

Bring me three *Presbyterians* to this place,
 Where we may state the Question face to face
 (Without exchange of Tongues) for 'tis well known
 They'r constant Linguists onely to their own ;
 And if these three in *Principles* agree,
 Or hold that antient marke of *unite* ;
 Or if their *Tenes* prove not out of joyn't
 In some Eſſentiall faith—concerning point ;
 I'le say, diſloyall *Argy'e* was as just
 As any Subject that his Prince could truſt ;
 His waiſes ſmooth and ſincere ; his wandering eye
 Cleare without ſquiming at an Anarchie :
 And that no wool was ever yet more true
 Then what was woven to make a Cap of Blue.

Now,

11.

A Presbyterian.

Now, who should read these *Paradoxes* o're
Would hold them rar'lt He ever heard before,
For *Argyle* to be loyall, who from's youth
Shak't hands with faith's adulterated truth :
Nay, to act horri'd treason makes no doubt,
So He may bring his close designs about.

And for the plundering *Scot*, to hold him just
Who falsifi'd his oath, made sale of trust ;
Expos'd his Prince sprung from their native stock
To base restraint, contempt, and fatall block :

If these deserve approvement, there's no reason
For Loyalty to mount, but vaile to Treason.

Now as we have our *Presbyter* pursu'd,
Here with his *admonition* we'll conclude :
That if there be least grain of *Grace* remaining,
His sense of sin may bring him to reclaiming.
Since a pretence to banish Superstition,
Has made our Church a Seed-plot of Division :
Since antient rites, Shrines, reliques of the Saints,
Robes, Ceremonies, Tapers, Ornaments ;
Since Imagery and Pictures to his eye
Appear occasions of Idolatry ;
Since he no decency can well approve,
So as Christ scarcely may discern his *Love*,
Nor take delight in his abused Spouse
Script of her clothes, and spoiled in her house ;
Since *Order* is an Enemy to him
As 'tis ith' mansion of that Prince of sin ;
Since breach of morall and diviner Laws
Accuse him joyntly for the moving Cause ;
Since wasting famine and the raging sword
And with that dearth of bread, the want oth' word
(Pure *Manna* I do mean) sprung from this shelf,
ThisShark who knows not what he holds himself.
If these with such impieties as these
Took breath from him and his base complices,
Who like *Egyptian flies* since they came hither
Have plagu'd our *Church* and *Common-weal* together ;

Let

A Presbyterian.

Let him with tears ingenuously confess
Himself the cause of *Englands* heaviness,
Pollution of Religion, and th' advance
Of groundlesse Academick ignorance ;
Subjects untimely ruine, with the fall
Of Prince and all, all save that *Capitall* ;
That *bleft* to make us curst : — That Seat of *Pim* ,
Shambles of Saints, Monopoly of sin :
Till its swolne grandeur to that height did grow
As it spud out the *Presbyterian ton* ,
To mount the *Independent* ; who, he feares,
Will slight *State-foes* to fall about his eares.
Let him then leave his *Dreams* ; since there is no man,
Admit he be indu'd with senses common,
But he shall finde, if he his *Tenors* seen,
Lesse truth in him then in the *Alcoran*.

AN

A N INDEPENDENT



S one, of whom in *Mandevile* we read,
Who acts all offices without a *Head*.
He knows no *King*; no *Cesar*; nor a *Law*
That should Allegiance from a subject draw.
His gallant *Independence* cannot stand
Where *Sovereignty* holds a commanding
hand.

At first (says he) no King was known to us;
Which to confirme, He states the Question thus.
When *Adam* was on earth the onely man,
Admit him *King*, who were his *Subjects* then?
Beasts, Birds and Plants the onely Creatures were,
O're which he was assign'd to dominere:
Nor can you find, turne *Annals* o're and o're,
That ever He a *Crown Imperiall* wore.
No Princely habit beautifi'd his state,
No surly Guard sat waiting at his Gate;
No gromes o'th' Chamber; nor smooth Parasites
To lure Him to prohibited delights:
Unlesse it were, (from whom we're taught to erre,)
That Serpent Parasite, damn'd Lucifer.
Courts were not then expos'd to merchandize,
His Garden bounded in his Liberties;
Which in their choice fruition were so many,
They pleaf'd himself without offence to any.
His solitary Empire was so good,
Oppression was a word not understood:
An *Eden* given him for his Continent,
Where each flower cheer'd his sense with various sent.
A native freedom made him onely great,
And though no Monarch in a Monarchs seat.
Nor *King*, nor *Subject* He; but such an one,
"None did depend of Him, and He of none."

Kings

An Independent.

Kings are usurpers, take them at the best,
 Who with stoln feathers build their airy Nest.
 For if their aimes comply with liqu'rish sense,
 Angling at more then humane competence,
 They play the ravenous state-incroching Beasts
 To sacre their quells with others interest,
 And must our flesh feed their infatiate jawes,
 Or slave our freedome to tyannick Lawes,
 Which much like subtle Spider-webs betray
 Small Flies, while Great ones scape and break away?
 He then who would his *Liberty* resign,
 And make himself a bondslave unto time,
 May he wind up his dayes in discontent,
 By changing of his freedoom with restraint.
 A brave exchange ! when th' Master of a Trade,
 Is through his weaknesse an Apprentice made ;
 As if he should lesse dignity receive
 From style of Freeman, then the stamp of Slave.
 Give me leave then to be my own Phyſition,
 And build my faith upon this firme Position :
 " He who *depends* upon anothers power,
 " Forfeirs his state to his Superiour.
 What a *disloyall Libertine* is this,
 Huggs *Independence*, Knows not what it is :
 And for his life cannot assyole this doubt,
 Which member ha's most worth the *Head or Foot* ?
 'Tis his opinion too, no vitall part
 Holds any such *dependence* on the heart,
 As to take strength or livelyhood from it,
 Or that one joyn't should to another knir,
 But keep a distance: as if nature ment
 An *independent equall Government*
 Through all this little humane Common-wealth ;
 No Court must to another make appeale.
 So as, methinks, His statue is become
 Like *Mahomes rare— independent Tombe*
 In *Mecha* rear'd ; which twixt two Adamants
 To th' admiration of those Miscreants,

Hangs

Hangs in an equall distance without stay,
From *rooſe* to *pavement* in a middle way.
Should we ſurvey Him further, we might find
This Prodigy to nature moſt unkind.
To his own *Members* being much afham'd
To call them his, because thei'r *Organs* nam'd :
Tuneleſſe they muſt be; if ſuch *Pipes* they be,
Swolne with Apocryphall disharmonie.
But what are *State-diſtractions* unto Him;
In troubl'd waſers He deſires to ſwim?
For even as *Beetles* are by ordure bred ,
So is his humour by diſtemper ſed :
When flouriſhing Emp'ries ſurfeiting of peace
Breake forth into rebellious Complices ;
When *Civile wārs* imbroile a fruitfull Land,
And gage our fortunes to a Souldiers hand ;
When *Princes* are cut off, and *Traitors* live
By their own Lawes without Prerogative.
Or check of *Cæſar*; than, and ne're till than
Doth th' *Independent* ſhew himſelf a man ;
Or *savage fury*; then is his harveſt-day,
VVhich muſt by others ruine make a way
To his exhausted fortunes; and redeeme
His blanched fame by good mens diſteeme.
Fame ſtrangly purchaſ'd; when a knave in graine
Aimes at eſteem by an injurious gaine !

But to reclaime thee, and expunge that wrong
Absur'd opinion thou haſt nurſ'd ſo long,
Tell me, *licentious rioter*, whose ſtate
Ha's its ſubſtance from our Civile hate
Fed by *perfidious Councell*; what can't ſee
Should plant theſe grounds of *Independencie*.
In thy diſtemper'd boſom?—Take a view
Of all ſuch Creatures as on Earth renew,
VVhat Analogicall dependence, theſe
Acknoledge in their naturall increafe.
Plants cheer'd by ſilver dewes and glorious rayes
Bud, bloome and blossom forth delicious ſprays;

VVhich without native heat and moisture too
 VVould neither fruit nor livery bellow:
 The faithfull *Elme* supports the fruitfull *Vine* ;
 The *Honey-suckle* clinges the *Eglantine* ;
 An Eembleme of the State and Church our Mother,
 Holding such near dependence one on th' other.
 Rills from their Fountaines like relation take,
 Sprigs from their Stems, and Consorts from their Make,
 Servants to Masters, Children to the Law
 Of Parents, whence they their extraction draw ;
 Soul'diers to their Commanders ; in a word
 Inferior States to their superior Lord
 Hold true Analogy : No Musick sweet
 Unlesse the strings harmoniously meet :
 And breath such *Dissension* in the bare
 As no dis-union in their notes appeare.
 Had *Orpheus* harp been harsh, we may presume
Pluto had ne're been ravish't with his Tune,
 Nor so surpriz'd with his attractive hand
 As to bestow what'ere He would demand.
 O had he been from Jealousie as cleare,
 As in his Musicall pure Lyrick sphere,
 He might with safety have enjoynd his Bride,
 VVho now lies wantoning by *Pluto's* side !
 Observe but these ; and see if any shelle
 Encounter with dependence but thy selfe.
 Stones by a native cement are so knit,
 No art nor violence may sever it
 VVithout a dissolution of the maine,
 In these reflect upon thy Sovereign,
 That polish'd stone, if it shoulde defac't,
 The structur's blemished where it was plac't.
 For it fares with the body Politick
 As with the Nat'rall ; if the *Head* be sick,
 Or indispos'd, the *Members* needs must show
 An Indisposure in their temper too.
 He sits at *Sterne*, and like a Pilot guides
 The ship that on the Ocean bravely tides.

Impe-
tu-

Impetuous windes He patiently indures,
Impious feares He with his courage cures ;
He holds the Card by which they steare their course,
He of his fellowes sufferings takes remorse.
He shares in all extremes; and enteaignes
His Mariners for sharers in his gaines.
Now, who is He if humane could afford
An hand to throw this Pilot over boord ?
Yet thou art He halfe done it : —yea that Gate
VVhere thou perform'd that tragick Act of late,
Act of all Acts a President, and tell
If any age can shew it's parallel.
Now if a Tree be best known by the frux,
How may it with an *Independent* suit.
To kill his Sovereign ? — Abjure it then
And be no more a Prodigy to men :
And to assyole the crime that thou hast done.
Unto his Syre, redeeme it in his Son.
Recant, relent, returne, repaire thy time,
And turne true Convert to the Royall line.

M.2

A

A L E V E L L E R

S a Platonick Pioneer, whose care
 Is in another's fortunes so to share,
 As He his full proportion may get
 In their Receipts for which He never swet.
 This man 'mongst fooles was held in great esteem,
 Deluding them with this fantastick dreame,
 That none in proper should possessed be
 What others might not have as well as He.
 This was cry'd up at first with great applause,
 Because it was confined to no Laws :
 The *Premice* now might be a *Freeman* made
 First day he came, and never learne his Trade.
 A puny *Larke* might for a *Justice* sit
 And vie with's *Master* both for worth and wit.
 The *foreman* too, for so his fate allows,
 Might freely share in's *Masters* Counting-house.
 He who *Margites*-like had spent his prime,
 And ne're did any good thing all his time,
 Might safely style himself some great mans Heire,
 And share more in his treasure then his care.
 The *Prodigall* fed with delicious sloth,
 And knew no posture but from hand to mouth,
 When he with riot had consum'd his store,
 Might leap into a Mine of Golden oar
 To second his late surfeits, and repent
 Of nothing more, save that no more was spent.
 No difference 'twixt *mistresse* and her *maid*,
 Both in their order equally obey'd.
 For *Academies*, though no precious gem
 Should be compar'd to *Learning* amongst men,
 Proficients in Arts so slighted were,
 A *Groome* might be made *Dotor* of the Chaire.

A Leveller.

B23

Scholastick Tippets, orders and degrees
Might be conferr'd without accustom'd fees,
Fat Prebends, who might by their *Patrons* rise,
With those who ne're rose to a Benefice
Might share alike, and joynctly be posset
As if they had a muuall interest.

No Farmer needed to observe his day,
Because no Law in joynd Him to pay.
All flood Copartners, and might partake
By *Competition* in an equall Stake.

O dainty mold of formelesse Government,
When fooles are onely holden provident !
When Princes, Peers, and Persons of renown
Must rank in state and breeding with the Clown !
When swads who never knew gentility,
Extraction, posture, gracefull quality,
Nor civile garbes, must strut it cheek by joule
With Purple Senatours, without controul !
Brave *a la mode* ! if this phanatick levell
Suit not with that Dominion of the Devil,
Where *horror* and *confusion* onely dwell,
I'll say there is an harmony in Hell.

Now in this *Levelling* order you shall find
Two distinct sorts branch'd in a severall kind.
The first true *Adamites*, with strength of hand
Digge Commons up, let no inclosure stand.
And these are they indure the heat o'th' day,
Doing their work in hope of future pay :
Our *Commony Rurall Patriots* : who indeed,
Account themselves Heires of the promis'd seed :
But peacefull portions please not factious men ;
They may inherit, true ; but God knowes when.

The other shews himself more Martiali-like,
One lesse inur'd to Mattock then to Pike.
This sweares by his *Buff-jerkin*, He would see
That man who dares stand for a Monarchie.
The Kingdom's ours, late purchas'd by our sword ,
And we'll dispose on't at our Councell-Boord ,

Thus

Thus swells this Ranter: — He who would command
 Or share in fortunes, must receive our hand
 To make his Title good: — what do ye talk
 O'th Old Exchange or of the Merchants walk; —
 Their Trafficks and Accounts for many yeares,
 Serve but to answer us for our a'reates.
 The City thinks we their *Proletors* are
 And for their safety keep our quarters there:
 But simple Cockneys, they shall shortly finde
 By our designs, we're of another mind.
 Our aime's *Community*; and we must have
 A part in that which they take care to save.
 Their sleepes were calme and sweet: none to molest
 Their conjugall Embraces; no barred Chests,
 While we to all extremes ingaged were,
 And had no Twilt to shroud us but the ayre.
 None with rich fraught did e're the haven enter,
 Who on the Sea would not his peroh'ate.
 And must these *Lobsters* flow with stote of wealth,
 In joy their liberty, preserve their health
 With Physicall Receipts, while we confine
 Our famish'd hopes to th' humours of the time?
 No, No; these *Bilbims* that has impale our side
 Bid us march bravely and obseve the tide.
 We're *Cesars* all; and those who will not give
 VVay to our Law, Hene're deserves to live.
 VVe promise parity, and that is Law
 VVhich like th' attractive *Adamans* will draw
 Plebean factions, who dehort th' o're,
 Owners of theis, and in their persons free.
 But little know these fondlings what we meane,
 For we in truth are not the same we seeme.
 'Tis least of our intent that these should stand
 Equall to us in fortunes and comand.
 These must be *Pestiflers* set he'ad,
 And reap their Vintagd where our grapes are prethal.
 Souldiers of fortunes oned, lindded, vee were,
 But now that needy vyle we foorde to bear.

Successe has made us great : nor do we know
That Sect or Faction that can make us lowe. Let him not, until
We frame no *Californian preache*,
As if we went to fight for Conscience.
As *Presbyterians* do; whose pilfiring zeal
Can make a *Shirt o' th' Syrpecloak* that they steal.
Religion is no Action we maintain,
Platonick parity is all our aime ;
Vvhich having got, Those that depend upon us
Shall see how State and Majestie become us.
Vvho by successe is Sovereign made of power ,
Cannot endure a rude Competitour :
So who by Conquest ha's advantage got
And ne're improves it, He deserves it not.

Hearre you this *ranting Rebell* make his boast,
As if he could by his victorious Host
Subdue the spacious world, and retaine
The style of universall Sovereign ?
But heare this Admonition,Sir, of ours
Before that Conquest make the world yours.
You tell us, Sir, you never intent to fight
For your Religion nor the Churches right,
The aime you had in your commencing war
VWas to make States Monarchiall, Popular :
Though I must tell you, some have lost their *blood*,
Of your own faction, for the Churches *good* ;
And late at *Tybarne* left a precious pledge
For *Clements* and S. *Gyles* joynt Sacridge :
So as for sacred stealth, though not for murther,
You past S. *Gyles* to mount a little further.
It was no Clergies cause nor care of King
But *Churches* stuffe that rais'd them to this string.
But pray thee *Leveller*, what hast thou done
To make thee such a fearfull *Myrmidon*?
Did not thy Forces lately, Horse and Foot
Receive from *Generall* a fatall rout ?
Vvere not some of your *Chief Commanders* shot,
Vwhile th' rest by their submission quarter got ?

Mult

Must these run o're the world, and display
Their plumed helms, who lately run away?
Ye who resolv'd to lay your *Levell* round,
Are you not now laid *Levell* with the ground;
Rest of repose, of fortunes dis-posset,
Unless ye build upon the *Martins* nest?

Come *Leveller*, let's have no more to do,
See what condition thou art brought into.
Hang up thy Musket, Fauchion, Fife and Drum,
Untill the *Prince* unto our Borders come:
Whom to restore should be thine onely *Levell*,
All else act *Mathematicks* for the *Devil*.
The onely way to regulate the time
Is by a loyall *Level*, royall Line.
This will conduct your aymes to glorious ends,
And of *State-traytors*, style you *Caſars* friends.

Upon the E R R A T A E'S.

During the late fatall continuance or epidemicall dispersion of that unexemplary Kings evill; a contagion of such malignant influence, as it forc'd a Princely Father to the Block; his *Sonne* to Exile; inacting *Loyalty High Treason*: and a competent Estate a *Sufficient Plea* to impeach the *Innocent* of *D linquency*. During (I say) this Careere in our distracted State; Sundry Parts of these Sections, through the Stationers fear of the strict and severe search of irregular Censors, or mercenary visitants, (who pretended a power to seize on the Press, to cram their own Purse) were scattered, in hope to be secured: so as the *Originall Copy*, after a long quest could not be retrieved; nor these *Sections* compleated; till now by the *Authors* industry, recollection and Helps of memory recovered, re-vived and methodically digested.

Though *His* necessitated attendance on *Committees* injoyning his absence from the *Press*, might occasion the *Committing* of many *Errors*, which by his presence might have been prevented. Let *Gold-Smitis Hall* then undergo the *Censure*: seeing it knows so well how to guild *Extert* and inbellish it too with a *Curious State-Courr*.

Now to remove all grounds of prejudice (for it fares with Books oftentimes, as it doth with Great-mens Children, to be wrong-father'd) the *Author* of these *Sections*, is supposed to be the *same*, who wirt that Exceller *Tragi-Comedy*, intituled- *MERCURIMS BASHICUS*; presented with no less State then general applause before the Queen of *Sweden* and other *Princes* at her Palace of *Stockholme*.

A self-inter-
ſed Com-
mittee, the
cunningſt in-
meller of Vice:
and inchaſer
of State-Er-
ror.